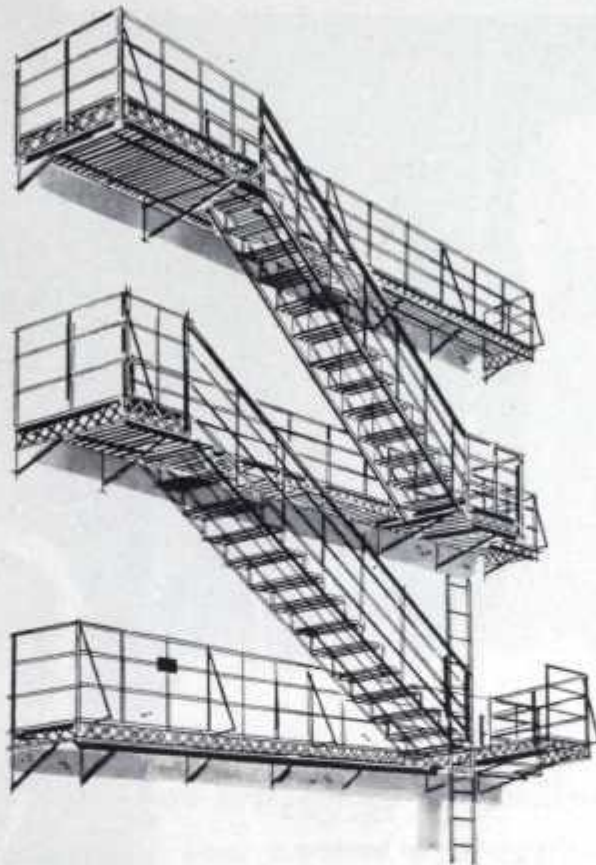


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*Salaries of company officers constituted about 1½% of this.



17% for Supplies; 8% for Transportation

3. \$37 million went for supplies, rent, tools, utility bills and other costs of doing business. \$17 million went for transportation.



12% for Depletion and Depreciation

4. \$27 million went for depletion and depreciation—to find new oil to replace the crude used during the year and to replace worn-out and obsolete equipment.



6% for Taxes; 1% for Interest

5. Federal, state and municipal taxes took \$12½ million.* (This does not include gasoline taxes.) Interest on borrowed money amounted to \$2¼ million.

*These taxes amount to 11% more than all dividends paid to our stockholders and equal more than ½ of our total payroll.



5% for Dividends

6. This left a net profit of \$17¼ million (8%). \$11½ million of this profit was paid out in dividends to our 38,095 preferred and common stockholders. Payments averaged \$292 per common stockholder.



2% for Expansion

7. The remaining \$5¼ million of profit was set aside to replace and expand our oil fields and facilities in 1951.

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Our estimated 1951 reserve for depletion and depreciation totals \$39 million. This, plus our \$5¼ million plowed back from 1950 profits, totals only \$35¼ million. Therefore we're going to have to earn and retain about \$17¼ million more this year than we did in 1950—assuming there is no increase in dividend requirements. That's why tax policies that don't permit corporations to retain earnings earmarked for needed expansion can have such far-reaching effects on the productivity and economic growth of the nation.

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Nation's Business



PUBLISHED BY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. 39

MAY, 1951

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CIRCULATION OF THIS ISSUE 760,000

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As the official magazine of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States this publication carries notices and articles in regard to the Chamber's activities; in all other respects the Chamber cannot be responsible for the contents thereof or for the opinions of writers. Nation's Business is published on the 30th of each month by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. at 1615 H St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Subscription price \$18 for 3 years. Entered as second class matter March 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., additional entry at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

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THERE was a time when an employer didn't have to worry about training a man to do a particular job. If he looked around he could probably find a worker with the required skill. Today, business men find that it takes more than looking to put a man behind a lathe or the counter in a stockroom. What it means is training the people you already have or can get to do the jobs you have to fill.



How to go about such a task is the forte of **J. W. VANDEN BOSCH**, one of the country's top men in the field of industrial training. Vanden Bosch got his introduction to personnel work in the early 1920's as a clerk in the employment office of the National Acme Company in Cleveland. It was this experience that gave him the nod a few years later when the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce needed a man to act as secretary of the Personnel Managers Association, a position that he has held ever since.

On loan to the Training Within Industry, Northern Ohio District Office in 1940 and 1941, and as a T.W.I. consultant after that, Vanden Bosch had a firsthand view of the growth and spread of training during the war.

As industry squares away for the production run ahead, Vanden Bosch has prepared a review (page 37) of some of the things that training is, and some that it isn't.

LIKE many a free-lance magazine writer, **MAGRUDER DOBIE** is a former newspaperman who made the switch after seeing service in the armed forces during the last war. Dobie started out as a reporter in his home town of Norfolk, Va., later moved on to papers in Balti-

more, Richmond and New York before joining the Navy.

Since trying it on his own, Dobie's articles have appeared in several of the country's leading magazines. "For Whom the Toll Roads?" is his first for us.

JOHN ("TEX") O'REILLY has covered everything from baby parades to wars during his 23 years as a reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*. But his enduring specialty has been stories about animals. This interest in wild life began in Texas where, as a kid, he used to chase horned toads. After joining the staff of the *Herald Tribune* he soon got to haunting zoos and aquariums to find out more about animals.



During World War II, O'Reilly turned war correspondent. He was with the Free French in the Sahara and once listed a camel on his expense account. Later he covered the British in North Africa and the invasions of Sicily, Italy and Normandy. He was in on the liberation of Paris and for three years after that was chief of his paper's bureau there. Since his return to the States late in 1947, he has been writing feature stories.

O'Reilly has written articles for numerous national magazines and can usually be found poking around some swamp in search of strange critters. His home is a farm in Bucks County, Pa., where he spends a lot of time trying to convince his three young daughters that animals and birds are interesting to watch.

SOMETIMES it's difficult to decide how a given article can best be illustrated: photographs or drawings, this artist or that one?



However, an article sometimes comes along that leaves no doubt as to how it should be treated. John Kord Lagemann's "Why We Act Like We Do" is one of them. It was tailor-made for the humorous sketches of **WILLIAM STEIG** who has been making his living as a cartoonist since 1930.

How he got to be an artist is a puzzle—even to him.

"I spent two years at City College in New York," he recalls, "most of them in the swimming pool and

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was forced to go from there to art school—the National Academy—being advised by my father that I was wasting my time. The alternative was to take a job. At the Academy I spent all my time in the back yard playing association football with the other students and was thus saved from becoming an academic artist."

It was in the '30's that Steig began publishing books of symbolic, psychological sketches and found himself divided into two people—the cartoonist and the symbolic artist. Today, when he is visited by a prospective client it sometimes takes a little maneuvering for Steig to discover which half is being sought for the assignment.

On page 34 you'll see how people in certain situations look to the symbolic Steig. And in the above cartoon you'll see how he looks to his wife, Kari. "The anxious expression is due to the pressure of meeting deadlines," he postscripts.

YOU don't have to read the racing forms to know that some of the finest and fastest horses in the world first tried out their legs on the rolling hills of Kentucky. This month's cover by **JOHN CLYMER** depicts no horse farm in particular. But it is representative of the springtime vista and activity to be found in the heart of the bluegrass country around Lexington—home of such widely hailed stables as Bradley, Calumet and Whitney, to name just a few.



THE contributors we've just told you about by no means complete this month's list. There's **PAT FRANK** who has turned out such best-selling novels as "Mr. Adam" and "An Affair of State". . . . **WILLIAM J. SLOCUM**, author of the highly popular books, "Reilly of the White House" and "The Tax Dodgers". . . . **ALAN HYND**, another novelist and article man. He's best remembered for "Passport to Treason" and "Betrayal from the East."

. . . then there's **J. C. FURNAS** who set the country to talking with his famous article ". . . and Sudden Death". . . . **EDITH M. STERN**, a frequent contributor to **NATION'S BUSINESS**. Her specialty is articles with a sociological background. . . . **GREER WILLIAMS**, medical and science writer. Just because Greer Garson is a member of the fairer sex people often think that all Greers are. They're wrong.

WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ BOTHERED by shortages?

Copper, lead, tin, freight cars, warehouse space, customers?

There's another shortage coming up—dollars. To meet bank loans, higher interest rates, other costs.

And there's no substitute for dollars.

✓ YOU WON'T KNOW pattern of coming controls—or lack of them—for nearly two months.

So comply—but make haste slowly with Washington orders concerning wages, prices, credit—it's likely they all will change soon, perhaps in your favor.

Biggest battle of this session of Congress will develop over extension of Defense Production Act's control sections, which expire June 30.

There's little chance of agreement on new provisions more than a few hours (or days) before expiration. It took six weeks to write act in first place, under red hot pressure of aggression in Korea.

There's not much longer than that remaining until its expiration date.

And there's growing chance that direct controls will be thrown out entirely.

Farmers' friends in Congress probably will lead campaign to throw out direct controls, which threaten parity program.

Organized labor is expected to back off its price control position quietly, concentrate on battling wage controls.

Building trades, instalment merchandisers will oppose credit restrictions.

Public has seen prices rise under controls, may join opposition. Restrictions were voted while prices rose. What happens to restrictions when they drop?

✓ HEDGE PLANS based on shortages if they involve long-range commitments.

It's possible that many materials appearing now to be critically short suddenly could become ample.

There's confusion about that—all the way to the top. While that exists base your thinking, plans, commitments on chance that it can go either way.

Change in shortage outlook—and rapid price revisions that follow—could be result of several conditions:

✓ POSSIBILITY OF DOWNWARD revision in defense program schedules.

Apathy of Congress toward war's fringe

issues suggests that this could happen.

Administration recognized at start of defense build-up that its biggest, toughest job would be to keep support of people and Congress behind a program involving the economic headaches of war—layoffs, shortages, rising prices—in time of semipeace.

It doesn't appear to have made the sale.

Note growing split between Congress and Administration over what is necessary to fight semihot war, over how to run a betwixt-and-between economy.

Administration's back-down on its original UMT proposal, House Appropriations Committee's deep slashes in Voice of America, civilian defense funds, indicate uncertainty of the people reflected in Congress.

Could lead to general revision of over-all defense production program.

Probably not in actual cutbacks of goals, but simply by recasting two-year production schedule into three.

Note: Apathy grows when war news is quiet, would disappear instantly if war news turned bad.

Tomorrow's defense program is indicated in today's headlines.

✓ EVEN A SLIGHT revision in stockpiling volume would end some shortages.

Rubber manufacturers contend lay-away rate is unnecessarily high, that a fractional cut would make rubber available to everyone who wants it.

Defense officials, with information at hand on the international situation—information not made available to others—holds acquisition rate is not high enough in view of what they know.

But now pressure builds up at another point.

Senate Small Business Committee hears scores of business men tell of layoffs, unprofitable part-time operations, because of materials squeeze—some of them in defense or supporting work.

Smalls generally blame the bigs. But the bigs have the big defense jobs.

So right or wrong the solution might be to free more materials.

✓ TAKES MORE TO FILL pipelines than it does to keep them flowing.

Well stocked civilians, packed pipe-

WASHINGTON LETTER

lines have brought cutbacks in orders to wholesalers, manufacturers.

And that means cutbacks in demand for materials.

Some steel men privately express opinion that shortage of steel will decrease greatly over next 60, 90 days. They base it on expectation that civilian, non-military orders will drop.

Many defense needs will diminish after initial orders are filled. Example: When 3½ million-man force once is clothed, equipped, it won't use up much more in textile line that it would in civilian pursuits.

Same thing applies to other needs—and to manpower. Takes fewer men for replacements than to build an army.

Replacements will mostly be younger men. Which means less disruption of work force.

Note: Materials trend reverses textile example in most purely armament plants.

Aircraft factory starting out to make 200 planes a month makes five or so in first producing month, 10 in the second, 20 in third. Its needs build-up as it goes.

✓ **ACCELERATING TEMPO** of defense expenditures shows up in Treasury report.

These are figures showing money actually paid out for goods produced—money that's been through the payroll stage.

In six months after Korea defense expenditures totaled \$7,806 million.

Compares with \$7,140 million in same six months a year earlier.

But look what happened after first six months—in the next 90 days outlay jumped to \$13,222 million. That's nearly \$3 billion ahead of the year ago figure.

Continuing rise in spending rate indicates program is on schedule which will meet its \$21 billion total by June 30.

Note: It also indicates that rising outlays for defense—on present projection—will approach \$3 billion a month rate by year's end.

And that suggests return of the shortages. That, too, depends on the headlines.

✓ **PRESSURE COMING OFF** many defense orders.

New Defense Production Administration purchasing policy will get armed serv-

ices what they want—when they need it—with much less disruption to business.

Idea is to schedule deliveries over period of use, scatter contracts among smaller producers.

A paint order brought change. Defense Department came up with requisition for 6½ million gallons of it. Delivery was specified 35 days after order.

Three or four paint companies in the nation could supply that amount in that time—out of nearly 2,000 paint makers.

To do it they would have depleted stocks built up for spring market.

Paint makers inquired into defense needs, found requisition was compilation of estimated needs of Army, Navy, Air Force for year.

After conferring with manufacturers DPA broke order into smaller lots, re-scheduled deliveries over 180 days.

See what happened:

Scores of manufacturers previously shut out were enabled to handle part of the order.

Distortion of civilian market was averted.

Manpower use was spread over nation, instead of being concentrated.

A shipping problem was avoided.

"That's a typical example of the type of thing that needs the judgment of the industry involved," comments a DPA official.

"If we were in an all-out war who would care if houses were painted, or if the paint industry was disrupted? But we're not."

Result of paint makers' inquiry: List is being worked up by armed services procurement sections of items that may be bought in smaller lots, delivered over period of use.

Most housekeeping items will be on it. But it won't come quickly.

Unified defense brought unified buying. It's like a landslide, not easily diverted from its course.

Check with procurement office nearest you (there are 58 in the nation) for policy change that might enable you to enter bid on direct contract with defense department.

✓ **DON'T WISH YOUR** competitors too much bad luck—it might backfire.

Only takes one overloaded dealer to upset prices—and a lot are overloaded.

Suppose a dozen outlets in your city have too many refrigerators—or whatever you have in stock.

All these dealers are well-financed—not pressed for money—all but one.

Bank tells that one it won't renew inventory loan, at least in present

amount. A lot of banks are saying just that.

So one dealer is forced to slash prices, move his stock for what it will bring.

If he advertises a lower price on same goods you hold can you maintain your prices?

Note: Inventory financing may become a serious problem. As banks tighten up some principal owners of stores are putting up personal funds to cover inventories.

Past good business provided those funds. Same situation in 1939 would have brought distress sellouts.

✓ HAVE ANY defense-proof help?

If you're in retail or service business in a defense production center you need defense-proof, as well as draft-proof, help.

Here's what's happening: Cleveland office of airline with booming business is short five ticket agents—can't find candidates.

Senior (in service) agent was offered \$450 a month starting pay in defense plant.

That's considerably more than his present pay, despite seniority.

Note: Although U. S. population has grown by 20 millions since 1940, labor force proportionately is smaller. That's because greatest rise was in age groups under 14, over 54.

✓ HARD GOODS turn soft (saleswise) on retailers' hands.

That's why you'll see continuing promotional effort to move furniture, large and small appliances, radio, television, housewares.

Retailers are less stocked up on soft goods. Campaigns to move these will come from manufacturers in tie-ins with stores on advertising, display, lower prices or more for the same price.

✓ ARE YOUR CUSTOMERS paying their bills?

Watch credit closely—some stores find slowdown in collections.

Accounts receivable are doubly important since banks have tightened loan policy.

Don't get caught trying to finance both ends of your business.

✓ IS CAPITAL EXPANSION inflationary?

President's advisers debate it. Generally it's the opposite. But what is it now?

The \$24 billion going into plant and equipment this year may be setting up

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

inflationary force by absorbing materials in short supply.

There's possibility that attempt will be made to check plant expansion by writing into tax laws less attractive accelerated depreciation provisions.

✓ FEDERAL RESERVE action is not spectacular in credit field—but it's powerful.

Note delayed action effect of Regulation W. Despite protests of automobile dealers, other installment distributors that it would stop sales, regulation had little effect for several months.

But now furniture dealers point to definite sales drops they attribute to credit restriction.

And used car sales got off to a late spring start, at best.

So don't discount too early the effect of real estate credit controls. They also may have delayed action.

✓ U. S. EATS more—and better—food.

Twenty-three per cent of disposable income was spent for food in 1935-39. Peak (1947) was 28 per cent.

Now it's back down to slightly above 25 per cent. But if we were to eat same selection that was in 1935-39 basket, the percentage of income figure would drop to 18 per cent.

✓ BRIEFS: Holiday note: Stores generally buy Christmas toys on "delivery when ready" basis. They're coming now—and sending bank loans up. . . . Second National Service Life refund is pouring \$685 million into economy this year. . . . Oil people hear Russia may develop into one of world's largest oil producing areas. . . . Remember bottle-necks? Completed planes last month awaited engines. . . . Missouri Pacific finds it moves a ton of freight a mile with two ounces of coal or a teaspoonful of diesel oil. . . . Last year's fish catch was about same as year before—but price made it bring \$365 million more to fisheries. . . . Canned meat packers report best demand in their history—just as tin restrictions limit their pack. . . . Defense program has brought Washington tighter housing than at any time during war. . . . Army says 3,000 subcontractors take part in tank production.

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By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



The news gets printed

ACCORDING to N. W. Ayer and Son, an authority in these matters, the total daily circulation of newspapers in the United States last year was 54,877,000. Much of the news published in those newspapers is bad news but the fact that so many copies are published—about one for every three persons, men, women and children—is good news, indeed. The fact that within limits of decency every newspaper can say what it pleases, without censorship or official dictation, is even better news. I believe the smell of ink, with all that it implies, is one of the pleasantest in the world.



The old suit lingers on

THE PUBLIC prints warn me that the Government may feel obliged to save wool for the armed forces by depriving myself and other male civilians of pant cuffs and of that useful garment known as the vest. I will not miss the cuffs so much, although I once saw an actor drop cigarette ashes into his and thought it a good idea. The vest I now use as a sort of filing cabinet for pens, pencils, commutation books, spectacle cases and miscellaneous memoranda which I carry around till they wear out. I will do my part as a good citizen. But I do hope my loyalty will not be suspected if there is a time lag in my case and if I am still wearing cuffs and vests five years after the order has been issued. I am one of those men (I don't believe there are any such women) who grow attached to their clothes the longer they wear them; it is always a tragedy for me when a knee or an

elbow breaks through. But the balance will be set right when I continue to appear (about the year 1960, if I am spared that long) without cuffs and vests long after others have regained them.

A use for bald heads

MEN in increasing numbers are said to be dyeing their hair. Unlike women they do not as a rule choose red hair when a change is indicated; they just wish to look young. But this does not solve the problem of the vast number of loyal male Americans who have lost or are losing their hair. One simply cannot dye what is not there. But—laying toupees aside for the moment—is there not here a field for the engraver, the painter or the lithographer? In other words, why not illustrate the top of the bald male head? Or perhaps rent it out for advertising purposes? I would like to see this idea tried out—on other and wiser heads than mine.

Bird note

THE BERMUDA cahow, which was thought to be extinct but wasn't, has been welcomed back into the family of birds. Only yesterday it was as fabulous as the bifurcated Australian zither—and no doubt it preened itself on this fact—but today it is just another bird, scarce but actual. And now that the cahow is back perhaps I may suggest that there is another bird that ought to be extinct but isn't. I refer to the reed-throated Washingtonian know-how. Will the ornithologists do something about this or won't they? I pause for a reply.

Ties, ties, etc.

MY WIFE saw a headline in our favorite newspaper: "Community Ties Urged on Schools." What it meant was that schools should have closer relations with parents and such, but what it suggested to my wife was, what color and pattern would be suitable for a com-

munity tie? Plaid, no doubt, to let everybody express himself. Then we got to thinking of other kinds of ties. A home tie, for example, ought to be cheerful but not dazzling. A railroad tie would be in a rather loud, oblique design, to convey a sense of motion. A tie in a game or an election would naturally be of a neutral color. A tie for a young lover would have to be a beau tie. At this point we decided something would have to be done to break this train of thought. I put on my Dunbar clan four-in-hand and my wife put on a sort of ruffle and we went out to dinner.

How to make friends?

A NEWSPAPER columnist says one way to make friends is to ask persons one meets about themselves and their work. This plan is fine unless two people get started on it at the same time and place. Let us suppose I am introduced to Mr. A. at a party. Mr. A. who has had a hard day at the office, is a bit out of breath and more than a little sulky, and I get in the first words. "Now, Mr. A.," I begin quickly, "tell me all about yourself and your work." Mr. A., seeing that I have taken an unfair advantage of him, scowls heavily. "Not until you have told me about yourself and your work," he snarls. So there we are. I never learn whether the bridges Mr. A. makes (so the hostess said) are highway or dental. Mr. A. thinks, if he thinks anything, that I am a retired confidence man. So far as each of us is concerned we are less popular than before we met. But I suppose it's a good system if you work it right.

Bargain in shoes

I HAVE just bought a pair of shoes for a sum which would have supported me in luxury for any given week in the year 1911. On the other hand, it would not support me in that style now. In the year 1911, being then alive and as far as any one could tell sound of wind, mind and limb, I bought a pair of shoes in Pacific Grove, Calif., for \$1.69. Shoes were shoes in those days and feet were feet. Those particular shoes carried me, along with some jovial companions of my youth, halfway from Pacific Grove to Monterey. At that point I took them off, sat down beside the railway track and, if I had not been a young man of stern self-control, would have burst into tears. Even today my feet are not what they would have been if I had not run into that bargain in shoes; they



Hammer hits back!

(Based on Hartford Claim #72 L 7301)

A plastic chip from a soft-tipped hammer with which he was working struck a mechanic in the eye. As a result, vision in the injured eye was completely destroyed.

Charging that the accident was due to a defect in the hammer the mechanic made damage claims against three different concerns—the supplier who sold him the tool, the hammer manufacturer and a specialty manufacturer who had made the plastic tip used in the hammer assembly. One of these firms, a Hartford Liability Insurance policyholder, was presented with a demand for several thousand dollars, but the claim was withdrawn when investigation and legal defense—provided by the Hartford—proved it could not be sustained.

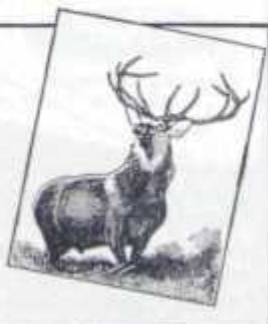
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The delivery of your product or service does not always complete your transaction with a customer. As long as anything produced or sold by you is in use there is the possibility that damage claims against you can develop, as in the actual case cited above. This risk makes it important to consider your need for Product Liability Insurance when arranging a proper protection program for your business. Your Hartford agent or your own insurance broker can advise you on your product liability exposures. Call Western Union by number and ask "Operator 25" for the name of your local Hartford representative—this service is available in more than 5000 localities.

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April 1st—All Fools' Day. All the Fools are not confined to persons. Methinks today's biggest Fool be the once mighty Dollar which Now plays great pranks with our Values.

April 4th—Much uproar in my Workshoppes anent the many Shortages created by the Gov't's program for Defense. Of Little Consequence, these Deprivations, if Peace be the Result.



April 9th—Golden, salesman of mine for a quarter-century, continues to hold forth with his Bizarre cravats. They, and his Ever-present smile both wear well.

April 14th—This night in attendance at another Party—and many hors d'oeuvres and Cocktails did I consume. Now fear I an abdominal rebellion in the offing.



April 17th—An interesting volume entitled "Retire and Be Happy" enjoys much success in the book stalls. Writ by a past president and predecessor mine now 9 Years retired, Amply Qualified is he to discourse on this topic. Say I, whatever be his devices for Happiness, one could well pursue them.

April 19th—Proctor, manager of my new shoppe in Warren, Pa., asks that I mention our Products there bearing the name, Deluxe. A truly fine name, Deluxe, for Shelving and other industrial furniture for a quarter century.

April 23rd—Much do I condemn the complacency that exists so commonly which accepts our roles as Americans so casually.



April 30th—Entrained from California, came we upon some scenic grandeur, which inspired a companion to Declare in true eloquence, "If that be not God's work, 'Tis good enough to be."

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have bumps and sensitive spots and contusions that nature did not intend. I am not quite sure that they—the shoes, I mean—were a bargain. Perhaps those I have just bought are such. They fit, anyhow—and they'd better. But they won't wear as long as the others, which I did wear out finally, but only after years of suffering.

After the "saucer," what?

I HAVE a sort of sympathy for those mystery-loving souls who are reluctant to accept the explanation that the "flying saucers" were nothing but balloons sent into the upper air by government scientists. The theory I liked best was that they had been shot into our atmosphere by some funny-looking people who live on Mars and contemplate invading our planet. I could enjoy this thought because it did not really scare me—I just pretended to be scared by it. That kind of mystery is good to have around; it takes one's mind off one's troubles. However, I think we can figure out something that will replace the flying saucer. Give the American imagination time and there isn't much it can't accomplish; bred on a fabulous past, inhabiting a continent full of rivers and mountains, plains, prairies and natural phenomena that have to be seen to be believed, it is never at a loss for dreams and fantasies.

"And a little retail"

A RUG establishment in the big city carries a sign in its window reading: "Wholesale, contract and a very little retail." Somehow this struck me as having a fine democratic quality. I had the feeling that if I went inside and the management found out that I didn't want 10,000 square yards of rugs they wouldn't look down on me; on the contrary they would recognize that in spite of everything I was human. Some day I am going in there and buy myself a very little rug.

Freight car No. 2251

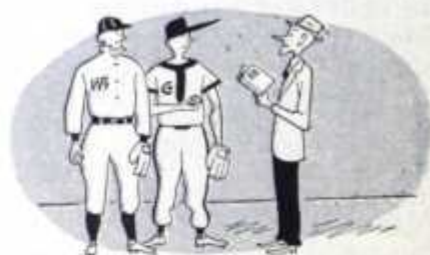
I WISH to pay tribute to freight car No. 2251 of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, which I saw not long ago as it slid past a station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. No. 2251 is painted gaily in three broad stripes of blue, white and red and looks so neat I think the brakeman must dust it every time the train stops. It bears the legend "State of Maine" and the explanation "This

car assigned on special service." I don't know how many brothers or sisters No. 2251 has. I hope it has many and will have many more. We not only need more freight cars in this country—we need more beautiful freight cars. All freight cars, no matter how battered and dingy, have an appeal for me but if they all reached the artistic heights of No. 2251 I believe I'd sit beside the tracks all day and write poems. (Or would this be a good thing?)

Why study arithmetic?

PROF. HOWARD H. AIKEN, director of the Harvard University Computation Laboratory, has announced that 11 large-scale "mechanical brains" are now in use in this country and that in Europe five nations have them and four are planning them. These machines, one is told, can do plain and fancy figuring thousands of times as fast as the human brain. Of course they do not make mathematics obsolete, because it takes mathematicians to design them. But this whole development makes me regret some lost hours of my boyhood.

Why did I spend so much time on arithmetic and plane and solid geometry when an apparatus was about to be invented that could do such things so much better? Why didn't I follow my natural inclinations and go fishing?



Another language

AS THE summer season draws near I am reminded that there is one subject, other than the weather, that can almost always provide material for conversation among a group of perfect strangers. I have had a rather busy life and have not given to this subject the attention it seems to deserve. Hence I often find myself at a social disadvantage. So this year I am going to take up baseball; I am not going to learn to play it, not at my age, but I am going to learn to talk it.

A small world

I FORGET who first said the world is growing smaller. I know I didn't, nor my grandfather, great-grand-

father or great-great-grandfather. Perhaps Christopher Columbus did. At any rate, it is. People used to predict weather by going outdoors and looking at the sky and feeling the wind. The Weather Bureau took over (under the name of the National Weather Service) in 1870 and is more scientific in its ways. And now I have learned that there is an all-year weather station, manned by about 15 men, floating around on an ice pack in the Arctic Ocean 200 miles off Alaska. These observers report by wireless and presently (as a result of this and other reports) we are informed that tomorrow will be slightly cooler, with showers in the morning and clearing in the afternoon. I therefore take my umbrella to the office and when I leave it on the train on the way home I can blame that calamity partly on those 15 men 4,000 or 5,000 miles away. Of course I have no hard feelings; I just say it's a small world.



Adeline is still sweet

FEW PERSONS in this generation could have told offhand who Harry Armstrong was. Fewer still would have hesitated a moment, given the proper occasion, to join in the singing of "Sweet Adeline," for which Armstrong, who died this year, wrote the music. Nobody will ever write any closer harmony than "Sweet Adeline" and it is my opinion that no one could. Adeline does not move men to tears the way Annie Laurie does. She is not as great a bit of music as Schubert's Sylvia but you don't hear Schubert's lovely song being rendered by four men in a barber shop or public drinking place. Adeline is immortal in one way, Sylvia in another. Adeline's words, which are the joint product of Mr. Armstrong and the late Richard Gerard, cannot compete with Sylvia's, which were written by the late William Shakespeare. But I don't believe Adeline will ever be forgotten. If ever I suspect she is being forgotten, and so long as I have even a poor voice, I will gather three kindred souls, drink two glasses of lemonade or something, and do what seems to be necessary.

The Price of Success

What is it that brings one man success in life, and mediocrity or failure to his brother? It can't be mental capacity. There is not the difference in our mentalities that is indicated by the difference in performance.

The answer is, some men succeed because they cheerfully pay the price of success while others, though they claim ambition and a desire to succeed, are unwilling to pay that price.



The Price of Success is—

To use all your courage to force yourself to concentrate on the problem in hand; to think of it deeply and constantly; to study it from all angles, and to plan ahead.

To have a high and sustained determination to achieve what you plan to accomplish, not only when conditions are favorable to its accomplishment, but in spite of all adverse circumstances which may arise.

To refuse to believe that there are any circumstances sufficiently strong to defeat you in the accomplishment of your purpose.

Hard? Of course. That's why so many men never reach for success, yield instead to the siren call of the rut and remain on the beaten paths that are for beaten men. Nothing of note has ever been achieved without constant endeavor, some pain and ceaseless application of the lash of ambition.

That's the price of success. Every man should ask himself: *Am I willing to endure the pain of this struggle for the rewards and the glory that go with achievement? Or shall I accept the uneasy and inadequate contentment that comes with mediocrity?*

If you are willing to pay the price of success, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you chart your course and supply the knowledge of business fundamentals that is necessary for well-rounded executive competence.

Since 1909 more than 430,000 men have benefitted by the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service, including many of the nation's foremost businessmen and industrialists.

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Look at this Six Months Performance Record!

1950	Kw-h Generated	Gas, MCF	Cu. ft. gas per kw-h	Fuel oil (Gals.)	#1 2000 hp.	Engine #2 1600 hp.	Hours #3 2000 hp.	#4 1600 hp.	Lube Oil (Gals.)	Hp. hrs. per gal lube
JULY	2,305,100	25,505	11.06	15,489	682	597	606	530	984	4,450
AUG.	1,931,300	21,814	11.29	13,235	568	503	503	558	831	4,613
SEPT.	2,116,800	22,507	10.63	15,698	613	539	642	525	891	4,709
OCT.	2,174,900	23,769	10.92	15,300	607	576	577	587	894	4,741
NOV.	1,913,800	21,225	11.09	15,909	538	578	449	584	931	4,117
DEC.	2,333,800	25,157	10.73	18,596	666	517	656	615	891	5,000
Total	12,775,700	139,977		94,227	3,674	3,310	3,433	3,399	5,422	4,601



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The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

TRAVELERS returning from Berlin tell an amusing story, that is not without its underlying moral, of a smart Russian counterstroke against the "Voice of America."

Potsdamer Platz, once the Times Square of the former German capital, is now divided by the invisible line

which separates the Soviet and Allied sectors of Berlin. So it was decided to erect a huge electric sign for running bulletins high on the Allied side of the square. These newscasts, selected to show achievements of the American way, and to emphasize the many reports of misery from behind the Iron Curtain, were planned to be visible from every adjacent part of the Russian sector.

For a few nights all went well and sizable crowds of East Berliners gathered at various vantage points to read the American messages. Then the unpleasant Communists, who have their own distorted sense of humor, replied in kind. They trundled a huge searchlight to their side of Potsdamer Platz and, as our display went on, nightly blotted it out with a dazzling shaft of light. It was the joke of all Berlin, but correspondents were asked not to report the fiasco.

In recent weeks another searchlight, far more devastating than the one set up by the Russians, has been trained on the pretentious propaganda

of the "Voice of America." The message of that voice has been temporarily overcast by the sordid pictures of successful gangsterism which the magic of television has brought into millions of American homes.

It would be bad enough if the revelations developed by the Senate Crime Committee, following those of the RFC inquiry, were merely a domestic humiliation. Unfortunately they coincided with a particularly determined effort by the Administration to advertise American virtues throughout the world.

The budget for the coming fiscal year, still pending before Congress, asks for an increase for State Department "Overseas Information and Education," from the \$34 million actually spent in 1950 to a suggested \$281 million for 1952. Now the Kefauver Committee has unintentionally made it certain that this increased outlay will not be approved. Until the Administration has cleaned its own house the Congress will very properly refuse the request for lavish funds to tell the world how good we are.

Hypocrisy is a vice that is not less distasteful because it is often unrealized by those subject to it. In his long gallery of characters whom we still recognize among our neighbors Dickens created none more offensive than Mr. Pecksniff. Yet, as that author says in the preface to "Martin Chuzzlewit": "All the Pecksniff family upon

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

earth are quite agreed, I believe, that Mr. Pecksniff is an exaggeration."

Secretary of State Acheson was not being Pecksniffian when, in urging recently more funds for administration propaganda, he said: "The facts about what we do, the facts about why we do it, the facts about the way we do it, are integral parts of what we do in foreign affairs."

The tragedy lies in the literal accuracy of the statement. "The facts

about the way we do it," as recently blazoned over television for everyone to note, have proved a serious setback to our efforts of leadership in a free world.

This was painfully demonstrated at last month's conference of Inter-American Foreign Ministers in Washington. The Department of State had hoped to stimulate some constructive indignation against the arbitrary action of President Peron in closing down *La Prensa*, one of the two great independent newspapers of Argentina. The plan was frustrated primarily because of unanswerable Latin counterinquiries as to precisely why ex-Mayor O'Dwyer of New York was chosen to represent the United States as our Ambassador to Mexico.

Simultaneously, the Congress has been asserting its Constitutional prerogative in the field of foreign policy, in no uncertain terms. It could not have done so, over Mr. Truman's ill-judged assertion that he has all the authority necessary to send additional troops to Europe in peacetime, unless many members of the President's own party were in revolt against him.

The tide which turned so sharply last November is running with increasing strength against the Administration now. Every analysis of recent test votes in Congress reveals this pronounced tendency for Democrats to mistrust their own political leadership. The tendency is perceptibly stronger since the moral laxity of this leadership was so dramatically exposed.

Millions of Americans were entertained, but many among them were also deeply shocked by the underworld parade that the televising of the Crime Committee hearings brought into their homes.

Many had scarcely realized before that "mobsters" have become a political force of the first importance. The RFC disclosures had stirred indignation. But a feeling of almost physical revulsion swept the country with the subsequent

pictorial revelation of "the facts about the way we do it." Is this the way of life that boys are being conscripted to Korea to defend?

It is still too early to estimate what the permanent effects of the Fulbright and Kefauver Committee hearings will be. One immediate result, as the Gallup Poll indicates, has been to plummet the popularity of President Truman to an all-time low. He certainly invited that outcome by asserting that political henchmen demonstrably tied into racketeering are nevertheless "all honorable men."

Under our system of regularly scheduled elections, however, the most important immediate consequence of the unsavory disclosures is in the international field. No government can qualify for moral leadership if it is affected by creatures looking like those things that scurry away when one dislodges a rock in springtime.

Other peoples will accept our money, as long as we have it to distribute. They will not, and should not, accept sermons on the value of American democracy, when the permeating influence of the underworld is revealed to them as one of its achievements.

Nevertheless, and precisely because the effects of this degradation are so serious at this particular time, its ultimate consequences may well be beneficial. For we have only ourselves to blame. The American people, and nobody else, have permitted and encouraged the vilest characters of the underworld to infiltrate our political life, and to undermine its vitality.

All of this social disease traces to lowered standards of individual morality; to neurotic living that demands sensational pleasures; to broken homes where children, no matter what their social status, have had a bad start; to a brittle agnosticism which is itself semi-Communitic; to willing acceptance of rackets that could not prosper unless they appealed to the jaded taste of a people whose sense of recreation is diseased.

Mr. Pecksniff, who considered himself a paragon of virtue, came to no good end. And this republic is not assured of a healthy future merely because we loudly preach ideals that, in the test of daily living, we fail to practice.

There is, indeed, a lesson for all of us in the generally frank testimony of our successful gangsters. At least they do not claim to be any better than they are.

And from these distasteful hearings, which have certainly been nonpartisan, we have also had a warning that is pertinent for the days ahead. It is that civil defense is needed against internal threats much more immediate, much more insidious, and just as dangerous, as any enemy bombs.

—FELIX MORLEY

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The Month's Business Highlights



Paul Wootton

PRICES continue to press hard against the controls and those in the economic watchtowers expect them to press even harder. Just how hard, no one is ready to say because no one can predict certainly how the factors making up the situation will unfold. The upward pressures come from many sources:

Most important, perhaps, is military spending. Just now hitting its stride, military production will increase so rapidly that government spending by the year's end will be double what it was at the beginning of 1951. To counteract this influence, private spending would have to decline by some \$25,000,000,000—but private spending is more likely to increase than to decline. Dollars paid for military equipment become wages, and those drawing high wages look for things to buy.

To meet the expected increased demand, business is expanding and plans to continue to expand.

The upturn in farm land values is adding its bit to the inflationary forces.

Just what can or will be done to counteract these inflationary pressures is not clear. It seems unlikely that taxes will be hiked enough to syphon off the increased income. Congress has shown little disposition to cut nondefense spending.

The most promising anti-inflation development is the agreement with the Treasury which may free the Federal Reserve Board from the requirement to hold government securities at rigid levels. If the Federal Reserve will really abandon support of the government security market—and will be tough in holding down the expansion of credit—a great step will have been taken in reducing inflationary monetary pressures.

Public opinion was the principal influence which caused the Administration to recede from its position favoring rigid support of government securities. The people have begun to see that the issue is what they can buy with their dollars versus the price the bondholder can get when he sells his bond before maturity.

Bond prices which encourage banks and insurance companies to hold their bonds, rather than to sell them and lend the money, will cut down the amount of commercial loans for building up

inventories or for expanding less essential production. Such a policy would take some pressure off goods, although enough government securities are maturing to provide a substantial amount of money to lend. Under such circumstances more of the total probably would go to borrowers engaged in defense or other essential work. Higher interest rates will increase the earnings of banks. The threat in the statement of the Council of Economic Advisers to ration credit gave banks a real scare.

It must be noted, however, that the 2¾ per cent bond by itself is no solution, since it is exchangeable for a marketable 1½ per cent note. It all depends on the extent to which the Federal Reserve supports that note. Congress seems fairly well convinced that the Treasury does not need a subsidy to market its securities, particularly a clumsy, expensive and inequitable subsidy to be paid by the people through inflation.

It is not safe yet to predict that commercial loans will decline and that the money supply will go down. The Federal Reserve-Treasury agreement, however, inspires new hope. It may be one of those instances which engender a new policy, as the Taft-Hartley Act has done in labor relations. The Federal Reserve was created for the purpose of keeping the economy on an even keel. For 38 years it has been kept under wraps, but now it seems to be coming into its own. An unfettered Federal Reserve is a bulwark of the free enterprise system. William McChesney Martin, the new chairman, is a hard-working, honest man of great ability. Although he has been serving as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, he was reared in the Federal Reserve tradition. His work with the Treasury was in the field of international finance and not debt management.

Some natural forces are also on the side of deflation. Mortgage lending, for instance, probably will decline materially due to shortages of building materials as well as to credit restrictions. Inability to get machinery, equipment and supplies in competition with the defense program may alter other expansion plans. Prices, which have





an important influence on demand, may reach a point where they slow down civilian buying.

This extract from "Economic Intelligence" shows quickly how far we have already gone toward inflation: "The purchasing power of the dollar today is 42 cents compared with 1914, the year World War I began. In terms of the consumers' price index, 42 cents would buy the same

quantity of items entering into the cost of living in 1914 as one dollar will buy at present. This means that a family which had living expenses of \$100 a month prior to World War I now needs \$238 a month to maintain the same standard of living.

"There has been a steady decline in the value of the dollar over the period 1914-1950. By the end of World War I, the 1914 dollar was worth 58 cents; at the height of the postwar inflation in 1920, it was worth 50.1 cents. It appreciated gradually through the 1920's to 58.6 cents. In 1933, at the depth of the depression, it had an equivalent value of 77.7 cents compared with 1914. Since that time, there has been steady erosion in its value. In 1939, the year prior to World War II, it was worth 72.2 cents, in 1914 terms. This declined to 56 cents by 1945 and to 42 cents by 1950."

Politically minded government lending agencies by feeding credit to short-sighted projects, when the market already is overloaded with money, have contributed greatly to the shrinkage in the dollar's purchasing power.

Accumulated inventory has made it possible to meet buying waves successfully. Household stocks are high. While the level of buying continues normal, the fact that the stores still are well stocked has about eliminated scare buying. Most of the talk about a letdown is the outgrowth of nervousness among those who hold large inventories. This jittery feeling may lead to some reduction of stocks.

However, the number of unfilled orders for consumer goods is increasing. Shortages of automobiles, refrigerators and some other durable goods are expected in the third quarter of the year, but supplies of the necessities of life will be ample, with the possible exception of woolen goods, and even that situation may ease.

Pressure for the defense program will be influenced by international developments, but

public opinion strongly favors military strength. The Korean incident disclosed a weakness which surprised the American people. There can be no doubt that Americans want to be in a position to talk back to dictators. Thus far every inclination toward complacency has been checked by some new evidence of Russian belligerency. Stalin can be relied upon to come through periodically with some act that reminds the American people that a ruthless enemy is watching for an opportunity to encroach further on the free world.

Our military position in Korea, at this writing, is a strong one. Russia has been thrown off balance. The Communists may be able to stand heavy losses of men, but they cannot afford the terrific drain on their supplies and equipment. Even Russia is feeling the drain. Transportation difficulties also make it hard to keep its stooges supplied and equipped, now that stockpiles that took years to build are exhausted. American performance provides a striking contrast. No nation could have been more completely unprepared. Despite the intervening 7,000 miles United Nations forces soon were better supplied and equipped than the enemy. It is another brilliant achievement of the American production and distribution system.

On the domestic front the revolt of labor was unfortunate, but it is not as serious as some would have it appear. Defense Mobilizer Wilson has had long experience with labor leaders and is not thin-skinned.

It is particularly fortunate that Congress increased taxes last year because that brought in enough money to provide a surplus over the budget. The Government has been in the black for several months. The situation, however, may be deluding. It creates the impression that we have that part of the problem under control. The Government cannot keep on running above the maintenance rate very long because defense expenditures are mounting sharply.

There is a disquieting note in the intentions-to-plant reports coming from the farmers. They are not planting as much as expected. This is partly due to fear of inadequate labor supply for harvest. That can be met in part by the increased mechanical equipment on farms, but mechanization will be no help if there should be a drouth this summer.

Scandals, mink coats and crime have been brought to the surface in Washington—ward politics in a national setting—thus adding to the confusion which handicaps business.

—PAUL WOOTON

Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

IN THIS spring of '51, Washington is a noisy battleground. It is also a paradox. For underneath the hullabaloo, confidence has become so strong as to alarm the Administration.

It is worth noting, in this connection, that Washington is least quarrelsome when things are really bad; that is, when there is a sense of danger. So it was last summer, and again in the late fall, when our troops were being pushed around in Korea. The reverses had a stunning effect. Some orator might arise on Capitol Hill and blame the President, or MacArthur or Acheson, but most of our lawmakers felt too sick at heart to say anything.

All realized that there was only one answer to the dilemma in which we found ourselves—armed strength, and a lot of it.

Now we are getting that strength. As our Army, Navy and Air Force grow, and our vaunted production begins to roll, there is a visible lessening of tension, a rejuvenation of the spirit, and official concern about a "letdown."

Rough days may be ahead for our forces in Korea. As this is being written, the Chinese appear to be building up for a supreme effort to drive us off the peninsula. The Pentagon, however, is confident that the new team of Ridgway and Van Fleet will be able to hold on, barring intervention by Soviet Russia.

The objective in Korea is to punish the enemy to the point where he will be willing to discuss a settlement. MacArthur, before being relieved of his commands, said Red China had shown its "complete inability to accomplish . . . the conquest of Korea."

A striking change can be noted here in the thinking about Russia. Overnight, in the eyes of many, she has come to seem less formidable. This is so despite official warnings that the danger of a big war is as great as ever.

What is the explanation?

In part, it would seem to be a psychological matter. Seven or eight months ago, a lot of people—inside and outside of Congress—were convinced that Korea was the kick-off for World War III. As time went on, and as Russia held back and let her Far East puppets do the fighting and the dying,

the fear of a great war became less acute with each passing day.

Meantime, the idea began to take hold that perhaps we had dwelt too much on Russian strength and not enough on our own. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower himself, at a secret session which later sprung a leak, told some of our senators in February not to "buy completely" the Soviet's propaganda about its military might.

Another reason might be cited for the downgrading of Russia. It is a growing skepticism about the value and reliability of her satellites. Hardly a day passes without a report of a purge or a shake-up in East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania or Hungary. Frequently, it is noticed, the Poles, Czechs and other puppets who have got into trouble are accused of "Western tendencies." Along with these reports are others of a never ending stream of deserters from the satellite countries.

Our own allies, at the same time, are gaining heart and adding to their strength. They are also correcting a situation that caused some bitterness here in the early days of the Korean fighting. The question then, it will be recalled, was: Where are the other United Nations?

Fighting alongside the Yanks now, in addition to the South Koreans, are Turks (who have suffered heavy casualties), and forces representing Greece, Britain, France, the Netherlands, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Thailand, the Philippines, Belgium, Luxembourg and other countries. These forces may not be as strong as Ridgway would like them to be, but at least they are there.

If we have recaptured some of our own national pride, the same goes for other countries. This was impressed upon Washington in a direct and forceful way by the recent visit of President Vincent Auriol. That stocky and courageous little man, an underground fighter in World War II, was angry about the talk of France being washed up and unwilling to defend herself. He said so bluntly, calling the propa-



The National



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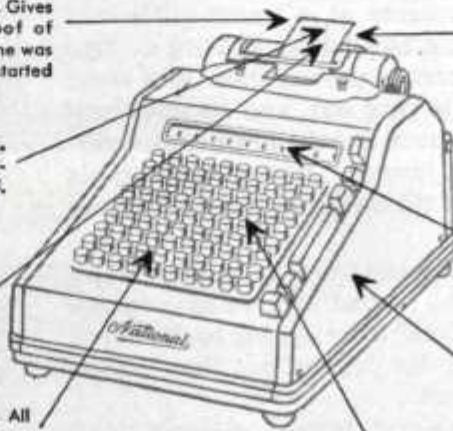
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ganda an "insult as cruel as it is unjust." The fact was, he said, that France was back on her feet and soon would have 20 divisions in General Ike's international army.

Yes, things are looking up; nevertheless, it is not an easy time for men in public life here in Washington. That goes, not only for the professionals in the White House and in Congress, but also for those who have come here to serve as a patriotic duty.

All are a prey to the needle of criticism.

It is part of the paradox, the spectacle of argumentation in the midst of high achievement.

A good example came at a much-publicized news conference held by Charles E. Wilson. The stalwart boss of defense mobilization had some encouraging news to give out, and he obviously felt pretty good about it. As the news conference approached an end, however, he was shaking his finger in anger and bellowing at a reporter who had irritated him.

The reporter had questioned an earlier statement by Wilson that he had severed his connection with "big business" by resigning as president of General Electric. He pointed out that Wilson still held his GE stock.

"So what? So what?" Wilson shouted. "All right, all right. Every penny I have is invested in that company. If there are many more like you who want to make a point of it, I'll sell my stock. I did it in 1943 [when he was executive vice chairman of the War Industries Board]."

Wilson, regaining his good humor, said then that this would be a silly thing to do. He said that he might be leaving here in three months or so and "I'll have to eat."

It was at this press conference that Wilson made the statement that America now has "in sight" the military power that he thought would "forestall any enemy from attacking us." A few days later he issued his report, "Building America's Might." This showed that defense contracts now are being awarded at the breath-taking rate of a billion dollars a week. It said that, in one year, we should have achieved "a formidable strength in many phases of modern warfare," and that in two years we should "have military and economic strength sufficient to give us reasonable safety against aggression."

Wilson also had some things to say about the menace of inflation, and about the necessity for

all organized groups to exercise restraint in their demands, but what got the headlines was his optimistic picture about production.

On the same day, over in the Pentagon, Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall was telling reporters that the world situation is "more serious" now than it was when China joined the Korean war last November. He didn't say why.

Was this a clash of views? Apparently not. Wilson was thinking about the job that American industry was doing in turning out weapons; Marshall's mind was on the need of getting enough American youngsters to man those weapons.

The old soldier-statesman has a horror of another "letdown," and he thought he saw one in the nation's absorption with the doings of Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and the other tycoons.

In the Pentagon there is not too much worry about Congress' willingness to provide the money for weapons. What does worry the big brass is the reluctance of Congress to provide the manpower. This is understandable if looked at from a cold-blooded political standpoint. In the view of a lawmaker, it is far safer to relieve a constituent of his money than of his son.

Another thing that disturbs the strategists is the widespread notion that modern weapons make it possible to fight a war with fewer men. The contrary, they say, is true. As machines and weapons are multiplied, so are the logistical problems; it takes more and more men to satisfy their appetite for fuel and ammunition.

Weapons, as Marshall Andrews, the military writer, says, "can no more be brought into play without the guiding hand of man than the ax alone can venture into the forest and hew down a tree."

To sum up, it is the view of our military men (including General Eisenhower) that the United States and her allies would win out in the end if Russia should now start a big war. They sincerely believe that, but the question is: Does Stalin believe it? That is something they can't answer, and it explains why they keep their fingers crossed as the West continues to build up its strength. It also explains why President Truman and others in the Administration keep reminding us that the danger still is great, and that it is now more important than ever to push ahead with the arms-expansion program.

By the end of 1952, it is felt here, the West ought to be "over the hump." The build-up by then should be such that Stalin and the Politburo could have no possible doubt about the outcome of a world conflict. By then, if all goes well in the meantime, an American ought to be able to relax without fear of being called complacent.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

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PHOTOS KÖNER FROM BLACK STAR

52 Is Their Lucky Number

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

MANY a GI around the country is getting a break today because of a group that won't let the wounded be forgotten. Here's how it works

THE YEARS pass. Almost a decade already has slipped by since Pearl Harbor, and its horror has grown dim in the memory of most Americans. So have the other horrors of World War II, while the threat of a new catastrophe flames in Korea. But the bitter memories are not fading at all in the minds of a large number of Americans.

These Americans are the wounded GIs, still in hospitals all over this prosperous land. The veterans get excellent care. Their food is about as good as food in institutions can be. They are often lonely, though, and feel forgotten. To assure them that they are still remembered, a group of New York business and professional men organized The 52 Association six years ago.

The Association stages parties and offers expert vocational guidance under its slogan, "The Wounded Shall Never Be Forgotten." Its members work 52 weeks a year—every year. Today

there are branches in Chicago and Miami with another being formed in Buffalo, N. Y., and the hope that 52 Associations will soon dot the country.

We appropriate billions for the care of veterans. The conviction of the 52 Associations is that more should be spent in thought, time and energy rather than cash.

One GI, expressing his appreciation for the hospitality extended by New York's 52, pointed to the monotony of institution life where "each day is the same, punctuated by routine and spiced by the strong smell of antiseptics."

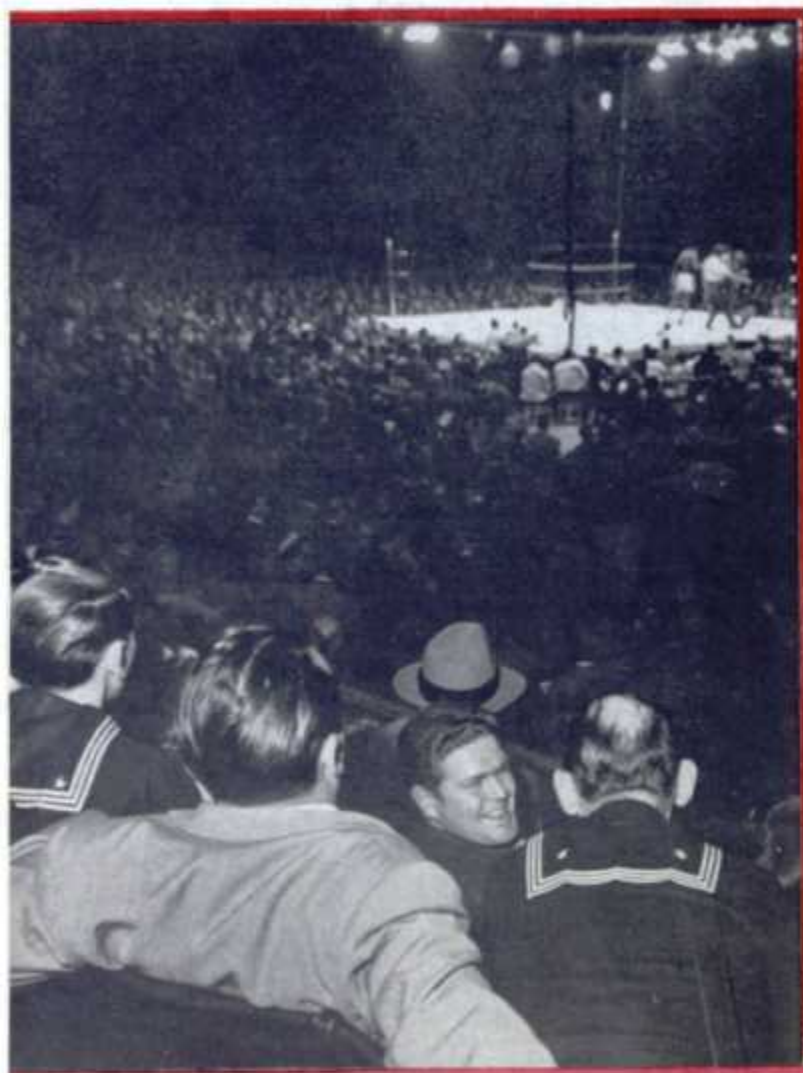
"Into this," wrote the soldier, "52 enters, a life-line from the outside world, a promise that today's pleasures will be tomorrow's fond memories . . . a dress that is not a uniform . . . a whiff of perfume far more luxurious than any copywriter's description . . . food that's fun and not just a time of day . . . 52 is the laughter of patients, the forgotten pain, sanity in an insane world . . . 52 is man's love for man."

The 52 Associations, he might have added, bear small resemblance to Lady Bountifuls who visit hospitals and tell the patients they are heroes.

"I don't want them to toss me a cigarette or a package of gum," protested another veteran about that type of volunteer. "I want to feel inside that I can still buy my cigarettes. What



One man got a job as a bookkeeping machine operator, others have been similarly assisted



A typical 52 Association party starts out with dinner, is followed by a show or sports event

I want is understanding. Oh, I know they mean well."

The men who run the 52 Associations, ably assisted by women's auxiliaries, propose that they shall mean well, but do well, too. The starting point of their contacts with the veterans—which they hope will lead to the long-term program of job counseling later on—is excellent food and entertainment either in or out of the hospitals.

A typical party for the boys who are well enough to leave an institution is held at a swank restaurant and consists of 12 veterans. The meal is followed by the theater, a boxing match or a basketball or baseball game, whichever the season. Three members of the local association go along as hosts and pay for their own meals and tickets.

The conditions under which the outside parties are staged have been worked out with great care and no small amount of imagination. Many of the veterans are suspicious of do-gooders and suspect they are being exploited. More, even, are shy. A goodly number, evacuated from Korea, are young. Few are accustomed to glittering restaurants, and their tendency is to order the cheapest dish on the menu.

So hosts at 52 parties receive careful, written instructions from the local office telling them to inform their guests that the entire cost of the evening is met out of association funds.

Thus the guests are to order anything they want and as much of it as they can eat. The plan works, as I can personally testify. After a bare few seconds of hesitation the veterans at a dinner I attended were specifying filet mignon, sirloin steak and roast beef. They topped this off with elaborate parfaits.

The 52 hosts receive additional advice which is probably more important. The men are still hospitalized, it is pointed out. For this reason none can be served more than one cocktail or highball and only one bottle of beer. Further, no intoxicants are to be slipped to them by softhearted but unwise hosts for transportation back to the hospital when the happy evening ends. Here are some other suggestions:

"Practice self-discipline and restraint when in the presence of disfigured or crippled persons."

"Treat the maimed person as a normal person. The loss of an arm or leg may change the appearance of a man, but personality and character are not necessarily changed."

"Don't ask questions or give advice. The man who has been disfigured may want to talk about himself or he may not. If he is eager to talk about himself, listen!"

"Don't be over-cheery. It is seldom convincing."

"Don't wait on the injured man too much. If there is something the patient can do for you, let him do it."

After talking with a number of 52's guests I have no doubt that such common sense pays off. Neither, incidentally, have the Veterans Administration, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Blinded Veterans Association and other agencies and organizations which endorse the 52 Associations.

"I've been very, very happy each time I was able to attend," wrote one of the guests last February. "It seems almost impossible that in a city as large as New York people would go all out for the hospital patients of the services, regardless of race, creed or color. I only hope that some day there will be 52 clubs all over the United States so that the wounded boy can obtain the boost that he needs so much."

(Continued on page 64)

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

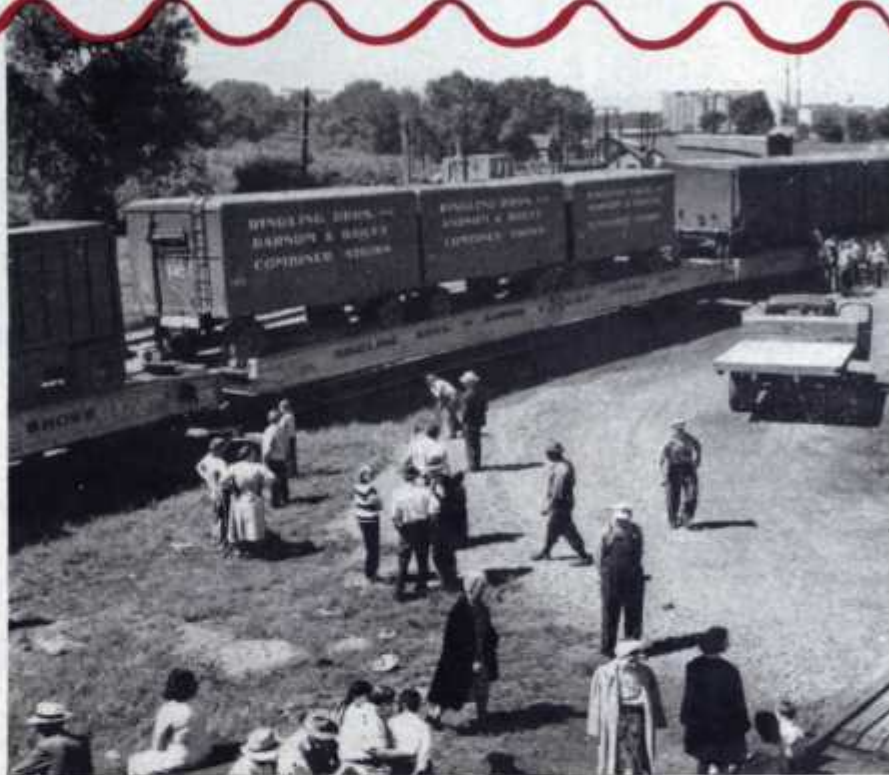
By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

AT FOUR O'CLOCK in the morning an anxious elderly man stands, chill and forlorn, at a railroad siding. Willie Carr is his name and he's been peering down railroad tracks into the black night for 43 years. Willie waits for ten minutes or ten hours until he sees an engine chug out of the gloom, hauling a string of red and gray Pullmans and flat cars. Then Willie grins as he watches a dozen little shapes detach themselves from nearby walls. Willie and the shapes have been waiting for the same thing—the circus.

The shapes, of course, are kids. Willie is a "24-hour man" for the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus. But this is not the story of Willie Carr, although he is part of it. Rather it is the story of a small group of circus men who, like Willie, work behind the scenes to make the "greatest show on earth" exactly that. There are 1,300 people with the circus and only 320 are performers. Hundreds of the remaining 900-odd anonymously perform feats fully as astonishing as any seen under the Big Top.

These men throw up a city of canvas in a few hours, then tear it down again, day after day. They move the city, its people, animals, 155 vehicles and tons of equipment through the night, almost every night. They run off two performances a day as smooth as cream with 320 humans speaking 30 languages and 300 animals speaking none. And they lay \$20,000 in cash on the line every 24 hours and bet you they'll get it back, and then some. And they usually do.

The kids who waited with Willie Carr saw something glamorous when the train unloaded. It was the first of four sections but most of the glamour was on the fourth section which housed the performers. This was not due until much later. This first section,



THE show the fans watch has the stars, but the working crew daily performs feats fully as astonishing

known as the "Flying Squadron" because it moves first and fastest, dumped 220 men into the cold night. They were big-shouldered laborers, pasty-faced cooks and a heavy-set man impeccably dressed save for the galoshes that flapped at his ankles. He was Lloyd Morgan, who would oversee the transformation of a vacant 15-acre lot into a self-sufficient city before noon.

Carr reported that the circus lot was six miles away—too far—that it had a gulley in it and that the hoisting crane Morgan had wired ahead for would be on hand at 7 a.m. Morgan nodded and said, "The canvas is heavy, Willie. Lotta rain two-three days ago." Willie un-

derstood. "It's a good lot. Real firm." Willie meant the ground was dry and would hold stakes.

A waiting bus, filled with laborers and cooks, started for the lot, the driver following Willie's directions. Each time the bus turned a corner it stopped to drop off a red flare as a guide for the buses and trucks that would soon follow.

Morgan and Carr walked onto the lot together. A cold moon reflected off some of the white sticks Carr had planted the day before. Morgan grunted, "The kids didn't steal 'em this time. Thank Heavens." Carr had outlined the spot where the Big Top would rise. Frequently kids steal these sticks



Elephants pull or push heavy wagons into position while tent canvas is readied for raising

so laboriously set out as a guide for the layout crew.

Morgan took a long tape measure and began checking the 24-hour man's layout. This advance agent merely gives Morgan a general idea of how the Big Top will lie. The latter and his aides first measured the spine of the great tent. At certain spots he pushed a long, thin steel pin into the ground. He drove in six pins in a straight line 438 feet long, then measured off another straight line, this at right angles and through the middle of the first. It was 260 feet long. Now he had the stake line of the main tent. The tent itself would be an ellipse 384 feet long and 208 feet wide.

Soon two mobile stake drivers would appear and wherever Morgan had set a pin the machines would drive at least three five-foot wooden stakes. Four of the first six pins Morgan set indicated where stakes would be set to retain the four towering center poles, each 62 feet high. All the remaining stakes would hold ropes. There would be 580 driven for the main tent alone and to support all of the circus' 45 tents almost 2,000—wooden and iron—would be set in place. And then pulled again during "tear-down."

Morgan turned next to the menagerie tent, which is 112 by 229 feet and attached to the Big Top.

While all this was going on the first wagon had moved onto the lot—the cook house range, which is also the first wagon off the lot. It was followed by a power unit and

in a matter of minutes a 2,000-watt bulb flared brightly, the first illumination other than flashlights and a cold moon. Men began pushing canvas off the top of the range wagon and other men began rhythmically to pound iron spikes into the ground. They were setting up an open air kitchen capable of turning out 3,900 hot meals between 7 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Now huge trailer trucks began to rumble out of the dark dawn onto the lot. They were crammed with poles and immense rolls of canvas. Laborers, colored and white, large and small, tumbled out of buses. That meant the second section was in and that the Big Top and the hands needed to erect it were available. The skeleton—the poles—of the huge tent first were laid on the ground in an obvious pattern.

Then the flesh—the canvas—was dumped atop the skeleton. The skeleton consists of four 62-foot center poles, 20 aluminum poles of 47 feet length, 34 measuring 37 feet and 108 wooden poles measuring 17 feet.

Thus, the wall of the Big Top is 17 feet high and the roof slants upward to a point on the center poles 53 feet, six inches from the ground. The space between the 17 and the 37 foot poles is for seats; the space between the 37 and the 47 foot poles is the track that circles the three rings. The rings, of course, are in the middle, between the towering center poles.

These center poles are attached to solid wooden cradles with

rounded bottoms. The cradles were set tight against a nest of stakes and pulled erect by block and tackle and tractors. They were not driven into the ground nor were any of the other poles. All rely upon the weight of the tent and the 90,000 feet of rope that supports the 22,000 yards of canvas that make up the Big Top.

Next the canvas was unrolled and pulled flat over the skeleton. The canvas was laced into one huge piece and the job of getting it up began. It was not pulled up, but rather pushed and pulled up. First the 17-foot sticks that made the outer wall were set in place by gangs of 20 men. When all 108 wall poles were up the men moved in under the canvas to tie the 37-footers to the roof. They were pulled upright by tractors and elephants. The tent now was rising from the edges rather than from the middle. Finally the 47-foot sticks were attached to the canvas and hauled upright. The tractors bit into the dirt and the blocks and ropes whined as the roof of the Big Top was hauled taut.

The aluminum poles are never quite right so the tidying up job of pushing and pulling them into neat alignment is done by a dozen grunting elephants. When these poles were in position they were lashed to stakes and the seat wagons hauled into position. The prop men laid out the rings; the elephants hauled rigging to the top of the tent for the acrobats; and a labor gang sprinkled sawdust on



DICK MILLER

Cooks fix 3,900 meals every day

the track. The Big Top was ready for business.

When you left you were astonished to find other tents, large and small, were scattered all over the lot. Ticket wagons were spotted, too. Fractious horses were being led to their canvas stable and a couple dozen elephants ambled toward the menagerie. They were show elephants, so you knew the third section was in and unloaded. A calliope blared. The midway was opening. A loudspeaker shrilled: "The tiniest family in all the world." That meant the sideshow people were in and that also meant the fourth section—the performers' section—was in. It was exactly noon.

A mere five hours later the circus would start getting out of town. Tables in the "restaurant" would begin disappearing and a half hour later the huge tent, 56 by 202 feet three inches, would come fluttering down, be tied up, set aboard wagons and hauled off to be lashed aboard the Flying Squadron.

When Merle Evans' band hits the first notes to start the evening performance workmen begin loosening ropes that hold up the second biggest tent on the lot, the menagerie. The cages are hauled off to the Squadron and by nine o'clock the tent is empty. Men grab the side poles, a whistle shrills, and they yank them loose. The mighty piece of canvas flutters into the dust raising a minor sand storm and a wind strong enough to push you backwards. The tent is unlaced,

(Continued on page 68)



WORSFOLD-ME

PHOTOS BY DICK MILLER

Art Concello is top man of the show, rising to general manager after a fine career as an aerialist. His aides are Lloyd Morgan, charged with preparing the lot, and Pat Valdo, responsible for the circus' smooth running



Art Concello



Lloyd Morgan



Pat Valdo



Life is just one human relation after another

WHY DO PEOPLE ACT

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

THE younger generation's desire to understand itself and others may dissipate the mist that envelops our knowledge of human relations



How most of us behave from day to day often comes as a shock to recent college graduates

THE WAY people act in real life often comes as a shock to the younger generation fresh out of college. "Why," they ask, "didn't somebody tell us these things?"

That's just what Harvard University set out to do six years ago in a new kind of course called "Human Relations." Student response left no doubt about the younger generation's desire to understand itself and others. Enrollment jumped from 35 to 175 with a long list awaiting admission, and last year Harvard seniors voted it the "most stimulating" course. Similar human relations classes have made hits in a score of colleges and universities.

Since life is just one human relation after another and all of us could stand a little improvement in that line, I sat in recently on several sessions at Harvard and talked with Hugh Cabot, a former industrial management consultant who directs the course.

"Don't expect any magic formulas," Cabot warned me. "Real life is made up of situations that would prove a dozen theories. What we're trying to teach about everyday living is the skill or knack of flying by the seat of your pants."

Classroom discussions center about case histories of actual people involved in situations taken from business and the professions as well as social and domestic life. In the beginning the students, mostly Harvard juniors and seniors with a sprinkling of Radcliffe girls, come up with pat solutions to every problem. Then under deft prodding by Cabot and his instructors they often realize with a jolt that they've missed the boat completely.

Take anybody who comes to mind and ask your-

self: "What kind of a person is this?" The chances are your first judgment will be a moral one: "He's a good guy" or "I don't like him." You are not describing the person at all. You are merely expressing your own likes and dislikes.

Again you may attempt to describe the person by saying he's a "liberal," a "reactionary," a "Yankee" or a "foreigner." All you have done here is to identify an individual with a stereotype and attribute to him by inference the characteristics you associate with one of the many groups to which he happens to belong. Your tone of voice, gestures and expression tell how you feel about all liberals, reactionaries, Yankees, foreigners or whatnot. But you still haven't said anything meaningful about the person in question.

In human equations two and two never equal four and people have a disconcerting way of adding up to something altogether different from the sum total of their parts. This fact is painfully confirmed by every man who treats his wife merely as a wife. Instead of seeing people as human beings, politicians are apt to see them as votes, salesmen as customers, preachers as errant souls.

In Human Relations class, undergraduates study the case of a western Indian reservation where drunkenness and crime increased in direct ratio to

LIKE THAT?

rapid improvement in the Indians' economic conditions. The supervisor, a man of honesty and zeal, had found the Indians inefficient at cattle raising, their main source of livelihood. To improve living standards he had brought in new bulls, hired outside labor and turned the reservation into a model ranch. It was a real break for the cattle and a first-class disaster for the Indians. With their tribal way of life sacrificed to modern efficiency and no new outlet for their energies and increased income, the Indians had resorted to gambling, alcohol and general disorder.

Of all the mistakes you can make in dealing with human beings, the greatest is to underestimate the key importance of feelings in determining what people think and say and do. In Human Relations classes, students trip themselves up constantly by failing to see that most of their own and other people's ideas and opinions are actually just feelings masquerading as reason. Unconsciously they agree with the Radcliffe girl who told one of the instructors, "Emotions are so unbecoming."

In a study of hospital management the central problem revolved about Polish-born Mrs. Stanislaus, a 64-year-old ward patient who was unhappy and troublesome despite the fact she was receiving excellent medical care. Most students sided with the hospital staff. "She ought to know better," they said. "The doctors and nurses are doing the best they can."

After discussion it finally dawned on one or two of the observers why Mrs. Stanislaus made such a nuisance of herself. Everybody was doing his best to treat her disease, but nobody paid much attention



Most of us grow up with the notion that our own ways are natural to all mankind



Instead of listening to the other fellow we think of what we're going to say next



"Experience is the best teacher"

to her—i.e., her feelings. "The doctors are too busy," some students objected. "There just isn't time." But when they analyze this and other cases more thoroughly they discover that this is just another alibi.

In actual practice there's no better way to save time and avoid mistakes than to get at once to the heart of any human problem—the way people *feel* about it. Hospitals which have adopted the policy of treating patients as human beings, not merely as disease cases, report that patients are far more cooperative, doctors and nurses far less harassed.

Why do you have more confidence in one doctor than in another? Is it because one has more medical knowledge and skill? More likely it's because one of them conveys the feeling that he is interested in *you*, while the other does not. It's true of most of the relationships we have with other people in business and in social life. When we say: "That man knows what he's talking about" we're apt to mean "He understands me."

One man's Ford or Chevie may appear identical to millions of others. But there's a big difference:



Like everybody else we prefer winning an argument to improving our knowledge

it's his. Because he owns it, he has a special feeling about it. He feels the same way about his opinions—only more so. He may pick them up ready-made in the open market place of ideas or he may make his own out of bits of facts, hearsay and imagination. But his opinions are his own. Contest them and you're contesting him.

In Harvard's Human Relations course, students learn (not without a struggle) that opinions are almost never the result of impersonal logic, that even the great ideals and truths we cherish are largely "ought-to-be's" which represent the world as we want it to be—not as it really is. Like everybody else we have a personal stake in being right and prefer winning an argument to improving our information. Once we acknowledge this human failing in our-

selves we're far more capable of dealing realistically with other fallible human beings.

Since human behavior follows few fixed rules, it's disastrous to generalize about people beyond a certain point. The big problem at a certain manufacturing plant was to avoid the need for costly plant expansion by increasing the per capita production of its workers. After pondering this case the Human Relations student is apt to generalize: "Everybody wants to make more money. All the boss has to do is to offer a bonus for increased production." The instructor points out that the bonus system was tried without success. "Then they must be just plain lazy!"

What the student fails to take into account is that in addition to wages the employees want to get some personal enjoyment out of their work. On routine industrial jobs this consists mostly of social chitchat with fellow employees. The bonus system failed because the workers decided they would rather do without the extra money than give up the sociality which made their jobs interesting. Some of the workers in this plant actually turned down better paying jobs in other departments—in order to "stay with my crowd."

The most misleading generalizations about people pop up among students in the form of bromides. "You just can't change human nature" they say when they can't figure out the human motivation behind a complex situation. Now and then an instructor is tempted to ask why they bother with education if it's not going to make some change in their human nature.

"Let's take a vote on it" is a favorite dodge among beginners who figure that a wrong answer will be all right if a majority of the class can just agree on it.

"Live and learn" or "Experience is the best teacher" is a popular excuse for acting first and thinking later.

"Let's look at the record" often means applying the same old formula to new people and situations without bothering to consider individual differences.

Do you know how to get people to talk revealingly of themselves? Most people make the mistake of putting the other fellow on the witness stand and asking the kind of do-you-or-don't-you questions that can only be answered by a "yes" or a "no."

Harvard's verbatim reports of social conversations and interviews show clearly that the less you ask questions, give advice and insist on sticking to the point, the more information you'll get. The person talking with you will probably ramble a good bit, try to spoof you now and then, and occasionally skirt all around the subject that interests you. But this can tell you far more about him than direct answers to direct questions—provided you know how to evaluate the seeming irrelevancies, evasions and exaggerations against the background of his total personality. What he says or doesn't say is usually trivial or misleading if taken at face value. It's important primarily for the clues it offers as to *why* he said it or didn't say it.

In carrying out the now classic study of management-worker relationships at its Hawthorne plant in Chicago, Western Electric Company researchers discovered that the direct type of interviewing put workers on their guard and obtained only the most superficial answers. But when interviewers allowed themselves to be led to the subjects the *employee* wanted to discuss, they got the most revealing in-

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Habits and opinions a worker forms at the outset may affect his job tenure

It Had Better Be YOUR Job

By J. W. VANDEN BOSCH

SOMEBODY will train every new employe you hire. Here are some tips on how to do it right

A DIRECTOR putting together one of America's early ice show extravaganzas was stopped cold when he tried to teach spectacular skaters to be splendid dancers. He tried out droves of skaters. The ice experts just couldn't master ball-room dancing on skates. So the director reversed his approach. He hired splendid dancers, and had little trouble teaching them to be spectacular skaters.

That was a simple solution to a job training problem. It was a modern approach. Had he continued to hire more and more skaters until at long last he found a few who could dance acceptably, he would have been in line with widespread industrial thinking of a generation or longer ago, thinking expressed often in the command: "If these people can't do the job, let's get some in here who can."

That was Dad's idea. He operated in a buyers' market in labor that is long past. There's little evidence it will return in the near future.

As you expand or convert your business to handle defense production, or shift lines because of materials shortages in the coming months, you will have the alternative that confronted the ice show director. You'll take whatever people you can get, and fit them into the jobs to be done as best you can by training or retraining.

But remember this: Someone will train every new man and woman you hire, every foreman you appoint, and every person you transfer to a new job.

The introduction to your company, its policies, customs, form of organization and reasons for being may be given by the new employe's supervisors, his fellow workers, the union steward, or the bartender across the street.

How to do the job, and the art of living in the plant may be picked up from the foremen, or the man at the next machine. Or the new person simply may follow a policy of "When in Rome. . ."

Don't worry—that new man will pick up his training some way. But that is doing it the hard way, both for you and for the new employe. Breaking in that should be done in a few hours or days may take months, and how it is done determines to a great extent what kind of a worker the new man will turn out to be. During the introductory period he adopts attitudes and forms habits and opinions that fix

his value and morale, and may affect his job tenure.

There's a much better way to fit new people into the jobs you want done, and to indoctrinate men and women into your organization. That is systematic introduction through an industrial training program, the function of which is to put properly prepared people into jobs in the number required and at the time they are needed. "Properly prepared" includes of course a state of mind which brings out that "plus" production which is in all of us if our heart is in our work.

Industrial training direction is an art born of necessity. Although it had been practiced for years in public utilities, department stores and a few rubber factories, its wide spread into industry did not start until World War II brought tremendous demands on American factories.

To training goes some of the credit for such expansion as that in Cleveland, where industrial pay-rolls doubled during the war, while production was multiplied by three.

One of the things the training men learned was what comes first. They know, for instance, that the newcomer, experienced in industry or not, first wants to know about the company, and particularly about the plant in which he will work.

Who runs it? What does the

plant make? What is its place in the community? In the industry?

He wants to know about his privileges and obligations as an employee. Where does he hang his hat? What does he eat? Where does he ask questions? What are the pay periods and pay days? What is done about personal telephone calls? Who is his boss? And who is that man's boss? Who else controls his work?

And last he wants to know about his job—what machine he will operate, what parts he will assemble, what truck he will drive?

How does this approach work out? Let's take a look at the Ravenna Arsenal, a shell-loading plant built on farmlands in north-eastern Ohio, operated by the Atlas Powder Company.

The plant was surrounded by war-working, labor-short towns, and by farms. It looked to residents of the countryside like a spooky, mysterious place with miles of high fence, armed guards at every gate, a long low building far back, and a water tower just above distant trees. It might blow up at any minute. There was some basis for their fears.

And yet Atlas attracted 12,000 small town and country folk, a third of them women, who never before had seen the inside of any kind of a factory, into their production force. They operated for more than two years without an accident.

First stop of the new employee was the comfortable little plant

theater. Each day from 50 to 200 new people gathered in the theater and were told about the arsenal. Their speaker was a retired minister. His manner was warm, and friendly. His talk was informal, almost entirely on a from-me-to-you basis.

(The talk was outlined by the author of this article, then a \$1-a-year industrial training man for the Government, who simply placed himself in the position of a green hand and asked and answered the questions which came to his mind.)

In this talk the new people learned who owned the arsenal, who operated it and why, how it compared with similar plants elsewhere. They were told what shells and bombs were made, and how they were used, why the plant was just as safe as any other factory if everyone did as he was taught. They were instructed on how to get into the tightly guarded plant, what to do when out-of-the-pattern things came up.

The speaker explained the guard system, work uniforms, who the production bosses were, who the Army people were and why they seemed to be wandering about, the inspection system, food and medical services, pay days, what to do about lost badges, and how and where they would get their job instruction.

From there the new employees went to "vestibule schools," production departments in replica, where operations were taught safely. Manual dexterity was de-

veloped. Potentially unsafe or unsatisfactory workers were eliminated. As they became ready the others went to work.

That operation was a model for similar arsenals throughout the country because of its all-around efficiency.

Don't minimize the value of letting your labor force in on what it's doing. As a top man you find excitement and a compelling interest in your work, or you wouldn't be where you are. But do your employees find either?

Steady deterioration of worker morale in a Cleveland plant brought on a creeping cut in production, plus a constant rise in turnover. The plant's policies were progressive and its relations with employees were excellent. But production was dropping.

An expert's eye in the plant disclosed the trouble: a lack of feeling of accomplishment, a feeling of deadliness in the work. While the rest of the world was fighting wars and producing arms, the people in the factory felt they had a comparatively dull job in forming frames, welding the joints, and sending them out the shipping doors to what seemed like nowhere. That was the end, as far as they knew. They felt out of things. Their tempo didn't seem to match that of the times.

That situation was cured simply and quickly when greatly enlarged action photographs of industrial equipment actually being built on those frames were hung around the plant together with other photos of the completed equipment out on the job. Workers looked up to see pictures of huge locomotive cranes lifting armaments, industrial trucks busily moving tank parts, big diesel-powered shovels stripping coal from the earth—all on frames they had made. Morale and production went up together. Yes, your work force needs to know it is taking part. It thrives on a sense of necessity and importance.

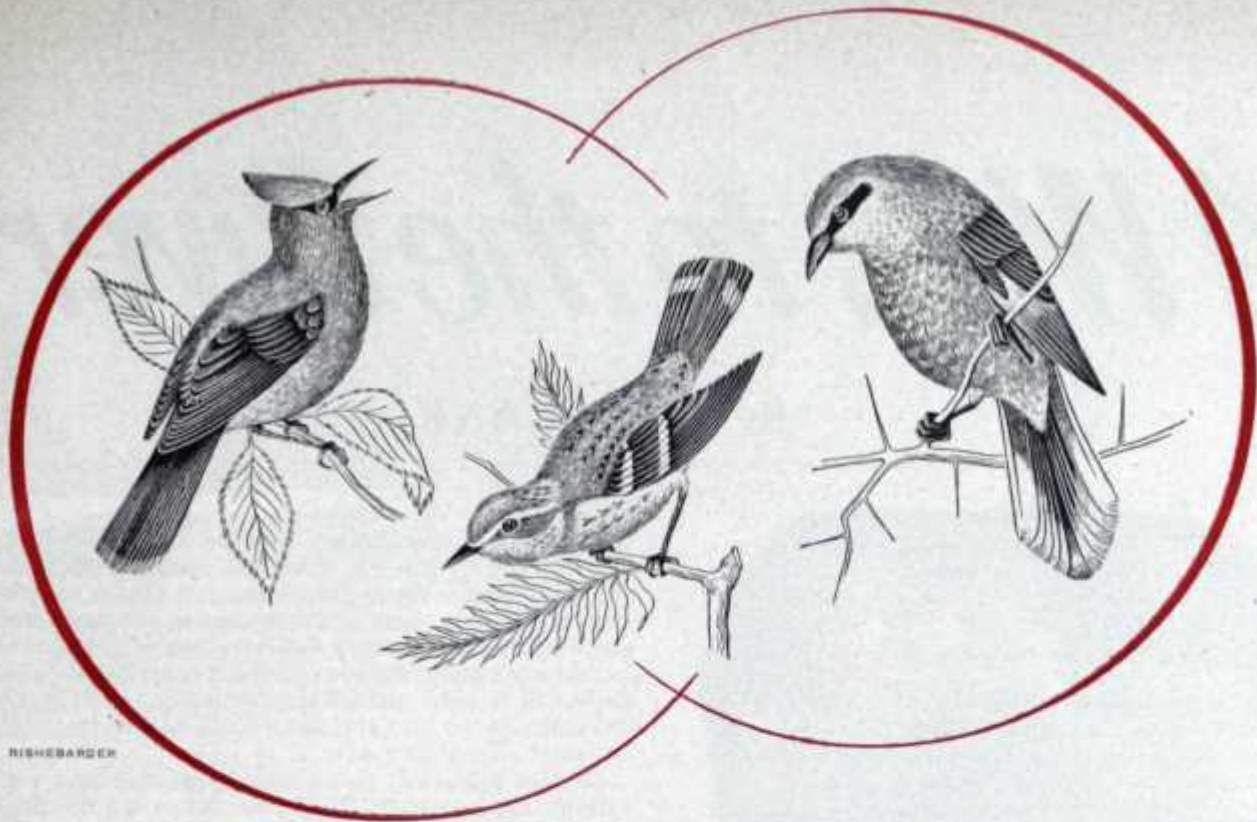
As your production force expands you create another shortage—in supervisory personnel. You can't hire a foreman as you might pick up a machine operator or a technician here or there. A large part of a foreman's trade knowledge is knowledge of the plant itself. So you may as well save time at the start by looking for foremen in your own shop.

What kind of a man should a foreman be? Your present supervisors may have been appointed because of their mechanical wizardry, or as a reward for long serv-

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Training must be designed to acquaint employees with the company involved and its operations right down to how to do a certain job



RISHBARGER

New Quest for the Bluebird

By JOHN O'REILLY

THE POLICE received a report that a sinister figure, armed with a pair of binoculars, was skulking through the undergrowth at the edge of a Long Island estate. A patrol car sped to the scene. Two patrolmen leaped out and closed in on the prowler, a large man attired in an old pair of pants, an open-necked shirt and a pair of sneakers.

"Just a minute, you," called one of the cops.

"Ssssssh! They're over there in that swamp," said the culprit.

"Who's over there?" asked one of the officers.

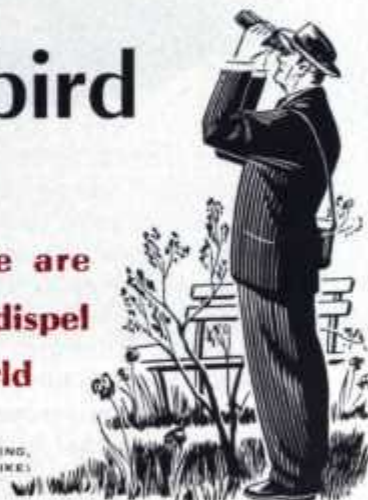
"Red-winged blackbirds."

It seemed like a violent case but on questioning their captive the police learned that the alleged sinister figure was Stanley Woodward, noted sports writer and ardent bird-watcher, out on one of his frequent bird walks. The police drove away, leaving him with his binoculars trained on the swamp in hopes of picking up a marsh wren as well as the red-winged blackbirds.

Although the cause of the alarm in this case was Woodward, it might have been any one of thousands of persons—corporation executives, retired business men, housewives, doctors, white-collar workers and all manner of people—who are sharing in the bird-

PEOPLE in all walks of life are booming a hobby that helps to dispel the grimness of the postwar world

(ABOVE, L. TO R., CEDAR WAXWING, CERULEAN WARBLER, NORTHERN SHRIKE)



watching boom that is taking place all over the United States.

The Middle West has become a hotbed of bird-watching. California competes with New York in bird study and a rare bird has small chance of getting through any of the New England states without some amateur ornithologist taking a gander at him.

Now that spring has come again the northward bird migration is in full swing. In every state bird-watchers, singly and in groups, have turned out to meet the migrating millions. Many of them are persons who once scoffed at "the dicky bird people."

Now these same individuals are thrilling at the sight of a yellow-breasted chat or a chestnut-sided warbler.

Once the bird-watching fever grips a man there is no holding him back. During the week of last Christmas an army of more than 5,000 bird-watchers, divided into

squads and platoons over the entire country, braved all kinds of weather to take the annual Christmas bird census sponsored by the National Audubon Society. They were checking on populations of wintering birds but they also were having fun.

New bird clubs are springing up all over. The modern bird guides, designed to make identification easier, have become best sellers. Two of these books have sold 500,000 copies.

Allan D. Cruickshank reports that in an eight month's lecture tour he speaks to 240,000 persons who want to find out more about birds. He is one of 24 lecturers sent to 140 cities by the National Audubon Society.

Why are so many Americans swinging over to bird-watching and why are so many of the converts middle-aged folks who, not long ago, would hardly look back

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A Walk to the River

By PAT FRANK



INFANTRY assault troops were marching up to the water's edge.... As we walked along I fell in with one young soldier who seemed silent and depressed. "How are you feeling, son?" I asked.

"General," he said, "I'm awfully nervous. I was wounded two months ago and I just got back from the hospital yesterday. I don't feel so good."

"Well," I said to him, "you and I are a good pair, then, because I'm nervous, too.... Maybe if we just walk along together to the river we'll be good for each other."

—FROM "CRUSADE IN EUROPE,"
BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER*

THE SERGEANT nudged him in the rear with his toe and said, "All right, kid, on your feet." Private Roberts got up and scraped the mud from his boots with his bayonet, adjusted his double bandoleers of ammunition and lifted his rifle.

"Okay, move up," said the sergeant. The squad, followed by the two aid men, sloshed forward in single file along the road, which wasn't really a road at all, but an ox trail pushing through the stunted, dripping trees. The trail had two ruts brimming with water, for jeeps had used it in the retreat, and therefore it was now marked on the situation maps as a road.

After a few minutes Private Roberts shifted his rifle across both shoulders better to distribute the weight. Grenades were digging into his kidneys, and the rifle seemed twice as heavy as it had ever seemed in training, stateside, or in maneuvers on Honshu.

For a long time life had thus been surprising and unpleasant. A long, long time ago he had lived in a clean billet in Tokyo, where they had tile showers and real beds, and he had found himself a girl.

His baby-san was named Tomiko and she was 17 and worked in the PX. She was neatly made, and shy, and wore a flaring skirt and red blouse to hide her immaturity, and wistfully hoped she appeared quite American. Private Roberts, however, thought her exotic and mysterious, and for a period of three days had bought absurd quantities of tooth paste, shaving lotion, talc and hair tonic before he courageously asked for a date.

He had taken her to see Betty Hutton's new picture at the theater on the Ginza. After the hot dogs and cokes he had returned her to her uncle's house, and he would have gone away without kissing her except that she had said:

"Aren't you going to kiss me? Isn't it an American custom to kiss on the lips a girl good night?"

So he had kissed her, a number of times. Then he'd made a date for the next night.

He recalled how everybody had noticed the lipstick when he returned to the billet, and somebody had remarked, "Our beardless boy is now a man." And somebody else had said, "He has 28 tubes of shaving cream, and eight razors, but what's he got to shave?"

And everybody had laughed, including the sergeant, who was an older man of 26 and on occasion wore a purple heart and a lot of other ribbons. The sergeant had gone on talking about his favorite subject—General Eisenhower and the war in Europe.

Private Roberts never paid much attention when they talked about that old war, because he had been only a sophomore in high school when it ended, and didn't remember much about it. He lay face up on his bed and relived his evening with Tomiko, and considered what might happen the next night. She was the first girl he had ever kissed, really.

Of course, the next night had never come. They had been loaded into an airplane and he had been ill because it was his first time up and he was scared. Then there had been a great deal of confusion and trucks and mud and shouting of orders and swearing and no hot food and you slept anywhere and your socks rotted inside your soggy, mildewed shoes. The sergeant said this was being held in reserve, and that Ike had done things better. Now they were on a patrol, without a change of socks and still with no hot food, and the sergeant said they had to go clear to the river.

He was trying to recall whether it had been ten days, or nearer two weeks, since they left Tokyo when somewhere to the right there was a crash like thunder that was not thunder. Private Roberts' shoulders wanted to pull up inside his helmet, because he was lonely in a strange land, and this was the first cannon he had ever heard fired in anger,

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"Every man is afraid when his life is in danger," the sergeant said to Roberts

and he was frightened. The sergeant, walking alongside the road where he could watch both his men and the terrain ahead, said, "That shell was way off, kid. Keep your ten paces."

Murray, the bazooka man, just in front of Private Roberts, said hopefully, "Could be ours?"

"No," said the sergeant, "it couldn't."

Private Roberts increased his stride and regained his distance. Presently he saw, alongside a shattered jeep, what had been an American infantryman. He knew, he absolutely knew, that something like that was going to happen to him, and he felt lonely, and the need to talk to someone. He asked the sergeant: "How did you know that shell was a gook shell?"

"Well, kid," said the sergeant, "it's a matter of experience. When I was with Ike on the Rhine we had two thousand guns, and the Krauts had maybe a thousand, and I got to know their language."

"What we need now," said Murray, "is Ike and two hundred guns."

From further back came the gravel voice of Corporal Wagg, who had fought in New Guinea: "I'll settle for two guns—antitank—without Ike."

"You dope!" the sergeant growled. "If they'd listened to Ike, and let him take Berlin instead of stopping at the Elbe, this might never have happened. Now Ike told me—"

"You talk like you knew Ike personally," said Corporal Wagg.

"Well, it so happens," said the sergeant, "that I do. Once we had a most extensive conversation. Now Ike said—"

Private Roberts heard a noise overhead like the whirring wings of a giant bird, and there was a crash, much closer than the last and angry like the snarl of a dog. He smelled smoke and looked in astonishment at the sergeant, who was rising from a puddle, mud dripping from his nose and chin. "Kid," said the sergeant, "the next time you hear something like that, hit the ditch. In this war there are going to be only two kinds of soldiers—the quick, and the dead."

He tried to say something, but discovered there was no moisture in his mouth, and he could not speak. He was aware that Murray was walking on in front of him, but his own legs could not move. The sergeant looked at him closely, and then went to his side and took his arm. "Come on with me, kid," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Private Roberts found that his legs were working again but he realized that his arm, under the sergeant's big hand, was shaking. They moved ahead of the others and when they were out of earshot the sergeant asked, "How are you feeling, kid?"

"I feel nervous, sort of. I don't like this."

"Afraid?"

"I guess so. Sergeant, I think I'm going to get

(Continued on page 56)



PHOTOS BY LEONARD MAXWELL

Visits to schools are a part of the daily life of the superintendent

He Runs Everything

THE BOSS of a big city school system has a job as complicated as any in industry. Ben Willis of Buffalo offers a typical example

PASCHAL RUBINO, newest and youngest member of the Board of Education of Buffalo, N. Y., recently took it on himself to speak sharply to the city's new superintendent of schools.

"Mr. Willis," he said, "if you don't let up a little on overwork, they'll be bringing you into my place." Rubino happens to be an undertaker.

Dr. Mary Kazmierczak, physician-member of the Board, has given Benjamin C. Willis much the same warning in more scientific terms, answered by only a cordial grin. This graying man of 49, with crow's-feet developing from the corners of his eyes, has been hearing that for years. If he bothered to justify the pace he sets, he would have to say merely that working 25

hours a day, eight days a week is the only way to be a good school superintendent—and he is rated one of the best. Such jobs as his have grown more exacting with every generation, until now educationalists openly express concern over the high mortality—in resignations, illnesses or deaths—among superintendents as a class.

Rubino accepted appointment to the Board largely out of civic conscientiousness. The nominal \$1,000-a-year salary doesn't come near compensating him for time and energy demanded. But with Willis' advent he suddenly found the assignment paying off most practically. He considers it utterly valuable for him as a rising business man, to observe from the inside how Ben Willis handles what

happens to be among the three biggest enterprises in Buffalo, and one of the most complicated.

Biggest grain-milling center in the nation, Buffalo is further crammed with widely diversified industry: motor parts, rubber, ceramics, paper, chemicals . . . name it and Buffalo is probably important in making it. But no industrial outfit within the city limits (this lets out Bethlehem Steel and Bell Aircraft in the suburbs) has quite as large a payroll as the school system—4,300-odd employees, some 25 per cent more than the whole nation-topping Buffalo milling industry requires.

Annual budget is close to \$19,000,000, book-value of plant close to \$57,000,000, administrative staff fills three floors of Buffalo's block-square City Hall. Between adults in night school and youngsters of all categories, the business has nearly 100,000 customers. The only detail that is not huge is Ben Willis' pay of \$18,000 a year. Top executive salaries in Buffalo private en-

terprises range up to \$100,000 a year.

Ben Willis defines his job as getting willing learners into optimum contact with good teachers and getting schools as close as possible to the community in general.

"School systems," he says, "were not invented to make jobs for superintendents." But those objectives, as nobody knows better than he, imply many approaches. School-managing puts him into the transportation business, with a fleet of buses and trucks. Into the restaurant business with 160 cafeteria workers serving ten high schools and most of the elementaries. Into the general sundries business, supplying paper, pencils, ink, chalk, lumber for woodworking shops, tools, printers' ink, soap, books, softballs, finger-paints, sheet music, maintenance supplies... more than 7,000 different kinds of things cramming the school system's warehouses.

Into the amusement business, with a many-barreled spectator sport program and 48 swimming pools and playgrounds to operate in summer. Into the building busi-

ness, with 103 schools, garages and warehouses to repair, add to and supplement as needed. It's rather like running an army without the articles of war to help you. Ben likes to recall a visitor, who, after watching him work a while, said:

"All you need to round out the picture is a fleet of tugboats out there on Lake Erie."

When I spent several days with him at the start of his fifth month on the job, his major concern was squeezing, whittling and filing at the 1951-52 budget, soon due before the Board—a task that, in view of rising prices, possible war and the necessity for raising teachers' pay, demanded a seventh son of a seventh son with an unusually reliable crystal ball. Into the chinks he was briskly fitting improved checkup on sick leave; visions of great savings in overhead through installing modern punch-card accounting; starting a weekly intrasystem news bulletin; inspecting a suburban high school with special wrinkles of potential interest; working out school and park system cooperation on playground space; courteously hearing

squawks from individual teachers, custodians and clerical help; studying plans for new buildings; revising arrangements for a dinner to get local civic leaders together with the system's 700-odd teachers; preparing for cooperation with civil defense; and keeping Mrs. Willis posted on the scheduling of the dinners and meetings that use up so many of his evenings. The balance of his spare time went to advising with a state committee now making a survey of the city school system.

It's experience that floats him, putting the zip in the uncanny quickness with which he gets the hang of a problem—financial, psychological, mechanical or curricular. At 3:00 p.m. he is explaining that, unless the boys' toilets have hot-water taps handily near the floor, they will never get the kind of swabbing out that alone prevents smells. At 3:05 he is knowledgeably comparing relative cost and utility of plaster and painted concrete block. At 3:10 he is shaking hands with the woodworking instructor—and then, still talking, reaching down a jack plane to see if

Except Tugboats

By J. C. FURNAS



Strong for informality, Willis keeps his office door open, prefers to meet associates face-to-face

the bit is sufficiently sharp. Seeing the safety guard up on a power saw the other side of the room, he wanders over to reset it and skillfully softens the implied reproach:

"Well, classes are out now. It's always down when the boys are here, I suppose."

At 3:30 he is energetically rejecting a technically correct but complicated new salary schedule because it is sure to puzzle and irk the teachers it is supposed to gratify:

"We can't do it that way," he says—then, half-amusedly correcting himself: "Actually, of course, we can do anything we want to. I mean I know no way to keep up teacher morale if salary raises are made on a confusing basis. None of those hard-to-explain 20-dollar differences between two teachers in adjoining rooms. I had to live with that situation once—never again."

Among educationalists he fluently talks the special, polysyllabic language that means something to them, though it makes outsiders feel as if they were drowning in lukewarm dictionary soup. But out inspecting schools, swatting decisions back across his desk, briefing local reporters, he sounds like a nonprofane combat officer at a command post.

Early in his superintendency in Yonkers, N. Y.—whence he came to Buffalo—a harassed principal

complained over the phone that his school was short a room to take care of a shift in class schedules; where could he find a room that didn't exist? Willis had seen that school exactly once months before. Without drawing an extra breath, he rapped out instructions on how to shuffle desks, classes and rooms to break the jam.

"He even remembered which side of the rooms the blackboards were on," the dazed principal reported. Next year Yonkers' school officials were equally dazzled when Willis personally prepared estimates of school population in their rapidly expanding community which proved inaccurate by an error of only six pupils.

Ben Willis has been gathering the experience behind such feats for 25 years—the hard way, through long spade work in the small-time, like an actor making Broadway after intensive preparation in rep-shows and road companies. This Maryland farm boy had the consular service in mind when putting himself through college—hotel clerking, movie ushering, drugstoring, even selling automobiles one needy semester—to a bachelor's degree from George Washington University in Washington, D. C.

But teaching seemed a good way to sandwich spells of earning between spells of the further study he wanted, so he became a teaching principal, one of a two-man

staff handling three years of high school in Henderson, Md., at \$1,350 a year. That was the only educational job he ever applied for. From the beginning he was a man sought out.

A year later, he was teaching-principal at Federalsburg, Md., making \$2,000 a year. There he married a pretty girl who also was teaching in the vicinity. He studied summers for his M.A. at the University of Maryland. (His doctorate in education was awarded only last December—he had completed the necessary courses years ago, but was almost 49 before he found time to finish his thesis.)

Through the boom-1920's and the bust-1930's he went up the ladder of Maryland schools, always as principal doubling in math and history, always in a slightly larger spot with slightly increased pay. The process neared the peak in his appointment as school superintendent of Caroline County, Md., at \$4,000 a year. To judge from the way he now burst from the cocoon, such up-from-the-chalk dust apprenticeship is an admirable way to learn what makes schools tick.

His seven years in Hagerstown, Washington County, Md., coinciding with World War II, earned him wide intraprofession attention not only for handling a considerable system well under handicaps but also for outstanding success in wholesale training of war workers.

(Continued on page 78)



Noon this day found Willis taking lunch at a high school. The schedule met, he heads for home

When Surgeons Go to Work

By GREER WILLIAMS

OPERATING rooms have more than medical knowledge and miracle drugs—the smoothest teamwork is there, too



RUOHOMAA FROM BLACK STAR

A SURGEON, like a housewife with triplets, is one person who could profitably use three or, better still, three pairs of hands. If you are one of the estimated 10,000,000 who will undergo an operation this year, you will be happy to know that reliable surgeons compensate for this anatomical deficiency through the remarkable teamwork of three and as many as six pairs of hands.

The many hands working at the site of the operation are what fascinate you most when you see a well trained surgical team run through a morning schedule of three or four operations in the surgical department of a general hospital.

Their skill is one of the factors which make the major surgery of today so safe that two anesthesiologists, writing in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, were impelled to point out that the decision to operate can no longer be based solely on whether the patient has a good chance of survival. Now a surgeon can take out so much and still keep you alive that it is a question, they suggested, whether there will be sufficient organic function left to make life worth living.

They were speaking, to be sure, of the relatively infrequent massive operations for removal of a diseased lung, stomach, kidney or colon and adjacent affected areas. Fortunately, it is a dilemma few of us who undergo surgery will have to face.

In a man 40 to 50 years old, the most frequent major operations are for hernia, appendix, gall bladder and stones and overgrown prostate gland. Operations for chronic stomach ulcers, cancer of the stomach or intestines and gastrointestinal obstruction are common, but much less frequent.

In any event, "any patient with normal heart, lungs and kidneys should have 100 per cent chance of recovery from major surgery," according to one authority. He excludes the rare unforeseeable accidents and stipulates that the surgery and preoperative and postoperative care must be of good quality.

Taking all such operations as they come, routine

and emergency, in young and old, on patients in good condition or poor, your risk of death in the hands of the skilled surgeon is about one in 100. The real masters of the art and science of surgery can do much better than that.

Thanks to the great advances in the past 20 years in the control of pain, infection, shock, relapse and physical well-being, you can face your family doctor's and your surgeon's advice, "You need an operation," without alarm as to your fate. Indeed, it is a question whether the definition of a major operation as one involving risk of life should not be revised.

To dispel some of the terrors and mysteries which surgery holds for many of us, I put on cap, gown and mask with four different surgeons and watched 18 operations, including two appendectomies, two for removal of the gall bladder, one hernia repair, one for intestinal obstruction, the excision of a lung, the removal of a tumorous uterus, a breast amputation and several others.

A good many misconceptions I had about surgery were cleared up in a hurry. One was that the operating room is a scene of great tension. Without question, the men and women in green—white is becoming a trifle old-fashioned—tolling around the silent, sheet-draped figure on the operating table, all but their eyes hidden by masks, present a highly dramatic situation.

Considering that their leader, the surgeon, is conserving a life while paradoxically cutting some of its threads, perhaps it is psychologically the most heroic of all human events. But when I spoke to one surgeon about this he merely looked at me blankly. To him, an operation was something he did 300 to 400 times a year.

I saw no high-pitched, blood-chilling excitement, but rather was struck by the absence of it. The typical surgical team is composed of the surgeon, two doctor assistants, the anesthetist who may be either a doctor or nurse, the surgical (or scrub)

(Continued on page 86)

I'd Take The 20's Again



By EDITH M. STERN

**IF YOUNGSTERS call you a square, here is
a reminder that your own age was pretty good**

AS ONE whose age tallies closely with the number of years in this century, and I am not ashamed to admit it, I want to utter a loud protest against the current maligning of the golden period of my youth—the 1920's.

According to magazines, movies, plays, novels and general conversation, it was little more than a dizzy era in which we all spent our time manufacturing bathtub gin, eating hot dogs outside Floyd Collins' cave, showering paper on visiting celebrities, gambling on the stock market, sitting on flagpoles, swallowing goldfish and dancing the Charleston. "A generation that today appears vulgar and absurd" is typical comment on a typical reminiscent movie.

Well, it's time somebody came out and said it was not only a good period but a great one, with a glorious flavor all its own! Those of us who lived in and loved the '20's, whose personal peak of vitality coincided with the decade, still relish it. We know that for all the bad liquor that was prevalent, the essence of the time was like fine champagne of a good vintage year.

We were happy in those days, in an irresponsibility as much of the era as of our own youthfulness. Maybe we were between two wars without having the sense to realize it, but surely that was preferable to being gloomily certain that we are between two wars.

Anybody who is my age probably knows the old story about the hotel

guest and the other shoe. Nervous and fussy, he jumped when someone above him dropped a shoe on the floor and he angrily called the desk to complain. Next morning, the clerk inquired whether he had slept well. "Not a wink," he answered irritably. "Why, I'm sorry to hear that, sir," the clerk said. "After you called last night, I immediately requested the man in the room above yours to be more quiet."

"That's just the trouble!" the guest snorted. "I lay awake all night waiting for the other shoe to drop!" Personally, I am thankful for the carefree years when we weren't waiting for that shoe!

The same holds true of our economic optimism. Today no matter how good business may be, no matter how full our personal pockets, we are in a constant state of tension waiting for an inevitable recession. And what, with all our foresight of the '50's, can we do about it? With taxes as they are, and the low yield from safe securities, not many of us can protect ourselves against that rainy day even though we are sure it's coming. It seems to me that the only difference between the way we'll be caught, if and when that day does arrive, from the way we were caught when the prosperity of the '20's ended, is that in those days at least we enjoyed the boom for all it was worth while it lasted.

Although young people in any period tend to be optimistic and to

take chances, I can't imagine, for instance, any 1951 young couple's doing what my husband and I did in 1928. He was just starting out for himself in the practice of law, but we felt so certain that each year to come he'd be earning more, he closed his office for the summer and with every cent we had saved took ourselves and our car for a tour of France.

Of course, shortly afterward we were caught in the depression like everyone else, and we went through a tough period. But we are still alive and eating, and though I have done many things in my life I regret, that trip to France definitely is not one of them.

In one way or another, all of us, because we had no fears of the future, had our trips to France. Edna St. Vincent Millay, in the typical spirit of the time, wrote:

*My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my
friends—
It gives a lovely light!*

Yes, in the conviction that everything would continue to be on the up and up we did burn our candles at both ends during the 1920's and they did give a lovely light for those of us who were young!

Something else that brightened life was the conviction we could get somewhere by our own efforts. Perhaps we were as crazy as pictured, but we did seem to bring these United States to a point of production, industrial expansion and scientific advance way beyond anything it had reached before.

We lifted the nation out of the mud by building thousands of miles of roads. We put it into the air over the radio and in commercial airlines. And this wasn't accomplished merely by sitting in brokers' offices and watching ticker tapes! We worked longer hours and more days a week than most of us work today but always sustained by the feeling we were forging ahead.

All the while we played as hard as we worked, and we had a riotously, exhilaratingly good time. There was gaiety in small towns as well as in big cities. The dances of

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the period, the Shimmy and Black Bottom and Charleston and Suzy-Q and Toddle—now being revived—with their seemingly perpetual motion were an expression of exuberance and untrammelled energies set to music which carried out through our bodies exactly what was in our minds and spirits. The speakeasies gave us the same kind of thrills, as adults, that we had had as children when we dipped into forbidden jam jars. Parades on the slightest excuse, homage to visiting royalties, were good fun.

Legend has it that we were troubled continually by gangsters and their guns but I can't remember that most of us, in most communities, were particularly bothered by the goings-on in the underworld. Maybe our bootlegger had some connection with it—we didn't inquire too closely—but to us he was just a fellow who came to the door and left his goods in exchange for cash. Also those who watched television in March know that organized crime is still with us.

Some unpleasant things did happen, of course, but they did not seem to interfere seriously with our enjoyment. Early in the decade there was quite a depression, and we had our share of strikes. But somehow we never thought of ourselves as undergoing crises. Our general high spirits and unbounded faith in our country and its future gave us a wholesome elasticity that made us bounce back easily from any such temporary disturbances.

Granted, things became fouled up during the next decade, and many of us fell so flat on our faces that we are accused of having lived in a fool's paradise. But you'll still find standing, and in use, most of the factories we spread over the ground, and the great hotels and office buildings with which we scratched the sky. The automobiles and household machinery and zippers and thousands of other items we originated or brought to a new high of efficiency had arrived to stay. Only the figures on the tape spewed by the ticker were ephemeral.

Not only was the period a rewarding one in which to work but also it was a great time to go to college. New ideas were in the air and classrooms sizzled with unprecedentedly frank discussions based on the latest developments in psychology or concepts of morality. You did not have to be a genius to get

into a first-rate college; you qualified for admission if you could make a passing grade of 60 in your entrance examinations.

It is fine and democratic for huge numbers of boys and girls to go to college, but there was something even more democratic about higher education in my time. Then, I don't recall hearing much if anything about minority groups and quotas.

Pictures of college boys of the '20's, in their raccoon coats, and of college girls with their open galoshes, cloche hats, and dangling earrings, are always good for a laugh. But I honestly don't think we were any funnier looking than the youngsters of today in their rolled-up dungarees and flapping shirttails.

Regardless of aesthetics, however, the way we dressed was a manifestation of the spirit of liberation and freedom that was, perhaps, the greatest glory of the '20's.

Those who think of our getups only as comic must remember that this was the time when the attached collar came in, suspenders were supplanted by belts, and high shoes disappeared in favor of low ones. Knickers and caps were another expression of revolt from the uncomfortable formalism of our parents and grandparents.

The straight-line, very short, long-waisted dresses worn by us girls did away with the torture of waist-squeezing corsets. What's more, I recall them as mighty comfortable in themselves, because they were free-swinging and because you did not need to have a

divine figure to look something like the girls who did have divine figures. Some of us, of course, had a pretty rugged time strapping ourselves down with boyish-form brassières to achieve the flatness that was fashionable. But, though I have no statistics to prove the point, I doubt whether there was any greater number of females struggling to present an appearance different from Nature's than there is now that the pendulum has swung to falsies.

Bobbed hair, like rolled stockings, was another symbol of emancipation. Women my age look back nostalgically on their first haircut (probably against their parents' wishes), like their graduation day and their wedding night, as one of those milestones that mark passage from one phase of life to another.

Along with the new freedom in dress went an equally wholesome new freedom in many manners and customs that we take for granted today. Not the least of the values and delights of our breaking down old taboos was that we were quite conscious of doing so.

Much of what was actually a healthy experimentation, a break-away from the stuffy and stifling prudery of preceding periods, has been misinterpreted as wildness, but it led neither to an undue number of illegitimate babies nor as many divorces as there are today. The fact is that fresh winds blew through the '20's, removing cobwebs of convention, allowing us to be vigorous and joyful.

The decade became a great creative period, for men can best produce something new and original when they are released from cramping tradition. Also, they need to be free of distracting worries. During periods when people are prosperous, like the Renaissance in Italy and the Elizabethan Age in England, literature and the arts thrive. The boom following World War I was no exception. Simultaneously with developments in industry and science went a flowering of talent which rarely has been equaled before and never since. To have been there when it began to unfold is one of the reasons it is good to have been alive and young in the '20's.

Many of us can remember, for instance, the beginnings of stardom for such actors and actresses as Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Gertrude Law-

(Continued on page 67)






Emergency

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At 4:45—the check!

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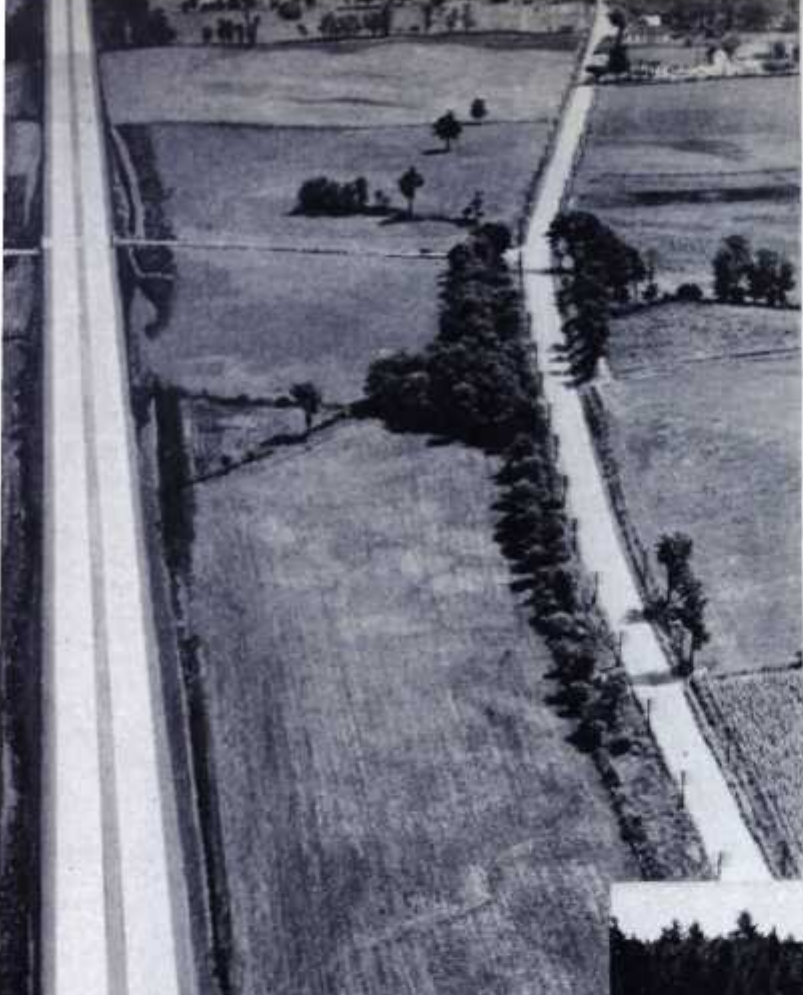
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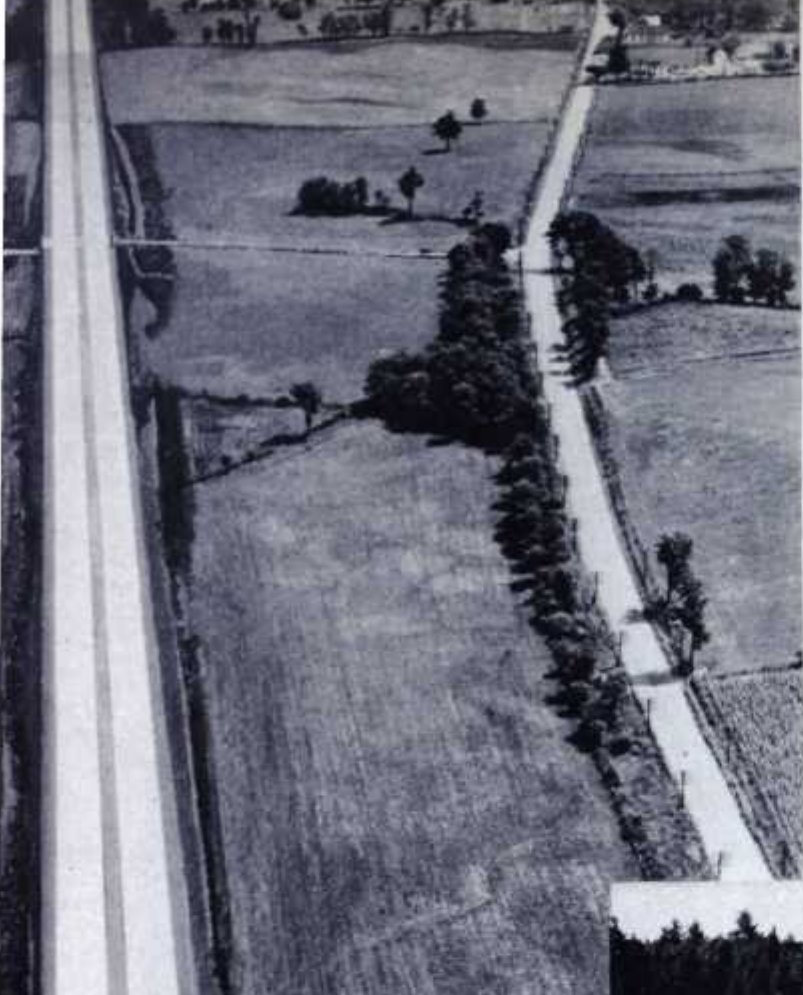
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For Whom the Toll Roads?

By MAGRUDER DOBIE

ONLY the motorist seems to like the turnpikes, yet these superhighways grow mile by mile. Through routes and high speed lure the customers



PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE COMMISSION

The old, the new: Pennsylvania's present and former road system

THE WIFE of a friend of mine became "velocitized" recently while driving east on the Pennsylvania Turnpike toll road.

"Velocitized" is a highway engineer's term for the effect of high-speed driving on motorists who zoom along superhighways without fear of stop lights, grade crossings, two-directional traffic, and the roadside billboards, honky-tonks and open-air movies that engineers call "marginal friction." The velocitized driver loses his sense of timing, and his attention wanders. The disease is comparatively rare, passes quickly, and is much less prevalent and dangerous than the fatigue of driving on the conventional and overcrowded thoroughfare. But its existence adds a new wrinkle to the science of highway transportation.

The woman first realized that she was being velocitized when she took her hand off the wheel to light a cigarette, unmindful that, although she had reduced speed, she was still doing 60 miles an hour. The car careened toward an embankment and narrowly escaped cracking up.

A few minutes later, stopping for gasoline, she miscalculated her rate of deceleration and almost



EDWARD O. HIPPLE

Motorists using Maine's Turnpike can step on the gas up to 60 mph

slammed into a filling station attendant. After dark, as she scooted through tunnels and along gently graded straightaways, it seemed as if hordes of hissing trailer trucks were stampeding toward her.

Being in no particular hurry, she left the turnpike at the Bedford interchange, spent the night at a motel near Chambersburg. The next morning, now develocitized, she poked along U. S. Route 30, which runs parallel to the turnpike, enjoying the scenery, the relative absence of heavy trucks, the short wait at stop lights in towns along the way. At Carlisle, realizing that she would have to speed up to make a late afternoon engagement in Philadelphia, she switched back to the toll road and raced into Philly.

The woman scarcely mentioned to her husband that she had made the trip partly on the toll road and partly on the old highway, but he readily saw the significance of the experience. "The guy behind the wheel is finally getting a break," he told me. "When he goes to the ball game he gets a choice between the bleachers and the grandstand. Traveling by train he chooses between day coach and Pullman. Now in some parts of the country he can pick between local and through highways."

Whether allowing him this choice is wise is a matter of debate.

A federal statute, dating back to 1916, prohibits the use of government funds in toll road construction. The Bureau of Public Roads of the U. S. Department of Com-

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merce consistently opposes toll roads on the grounds that they are unnecessarily expensive, fail to break urban traffic bottlenecks, impose a form of double taxation since the motorist pays for roads through highway user taxes, obstruct the nation's nontoll interstate highway system, and duck the main issue of financing roads with increased taxes. Although government experts have made studies of gasoline sales and found that they are not affected permanently by increased taxes, the petroleum interests are ranged solidly against higher gas levies.

The American Automobile Association routes its members over toll roads on through trips, but opposes such roads in principle. The National Highway Users Conference, an organization of petroleum, trucking, bus line and other commercial highway user interests, actively campaigns against toll roads, pointing out that these highways failed in the past and will again.

They failed in the sense that they were never more than temporary solutions to breakdowns in highway transportation. Toll roads first were used in England about 1346, primarily because rural areas between cities were too poor to support free roads. The early toll roads were called turnpikes because originally a man with a pike was stationed at a collection point. Those who failed to pay were turned back. By 1800 there were 1,100 turnpike trusts in England

controlling 23,000 miles of roads but with the passing of the stagecoach, most of them had been liquidated by 1860.

A macadamized toll road from Lancaster to Philadelphia apparently touched off the early American toll road boom in the 1790's. By 1850 Pennsylvania had granted charters to 428 toll road authorities. Eight separate turnpikes and three toll bridges linked Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

As late as 1900 there were still 1,100 miles of turnpike roads in Pennsylvania, but they were definitely on the decline. With a few minor exceptions, lack of business had driven them from the scene by 1920.

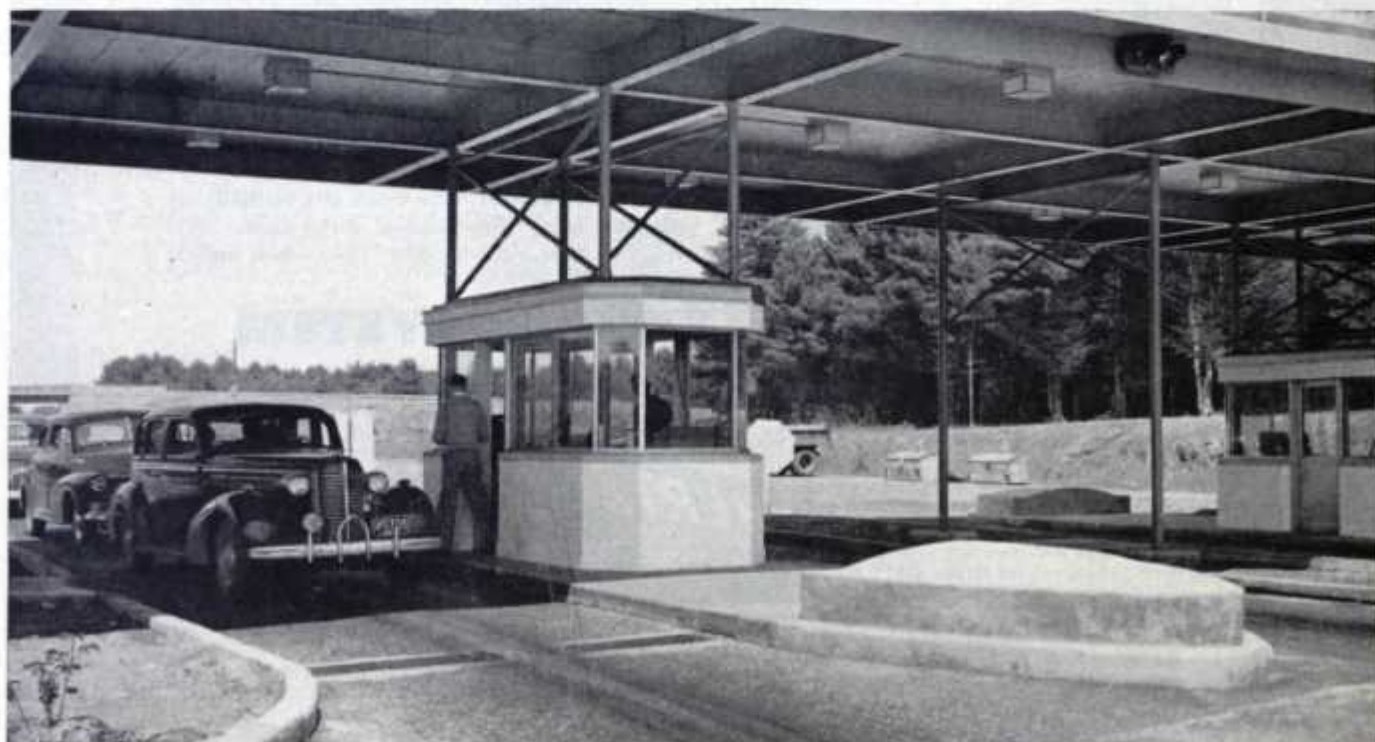
For the time being, toll road facilities are limited to the North Atlantic states which support 29 per cent of the nation's population and 20 per cent of its motor vehicles. Toll roads are considered practicable in states where existing highway facilities have broken down under heavy traffic loads and there is opposition to rebuilding them with funds obtained by increasing gasoline and other highway users' taxes.

Such conditions are not limited to the East. Ohio has approved construction of a 240-mile toll road across the northern part of the State. Oklahoma plans a 94-mile toll road connecting Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Kansas, Missouri, Colorado and California are studying the toll method of highway financing. Texas has authorized a

private company to build a toll road between Dallas and Houston. Florida, North Carolina, Georgia and West Virginia have toll road projects under consideration. New York is already building stretches of the 535-mile throughway which will run from New York to Albany and then across the state to Buffalo and Niagara Falls and along Lake Erie to the Pennsylvania line. Some optimists predict that, in five or more years, motorists will drive from New York to Chicago at an average speed of 70 miles an hour.

Who wants to drive 70 miles an hour for hours at a time? Primarily the truck and bus drivers, highway experts say. One of them predicts that the de luxe toll roads of today will become predominantly truck routes tomorrow. Trucks account for 65 per cent of the Pennsylvania Turnpike's traffic. The new Harrisburg-to-Philadelphia extension is expected to handle 1,500 trucks a day. Anticipating a huge volume of truck traffic, the new New Jersey Turnpike is being built to withstand 36,000-pound axle loads. The New York and Connecticut parkways ban trucks; but even the Maine Turnpike, which caters to vacation traffic, has doubled its truck business in the past two years.

Maine's Portland - to - Kittery turnpike is a good example of a toll road in operation. One day I sat in the farmhouse headquarters of the Maine Turnpike Authority near Portland and watched Bill Getchell, executive director of the



The Maine Turnpike grossed more than \$1,000,000 in 1950, two years ahead of estimates

EDWARD D. HIPPLE

Authority, blow pipe smoke into the frosty Maine air while he reviewed his state's situation.

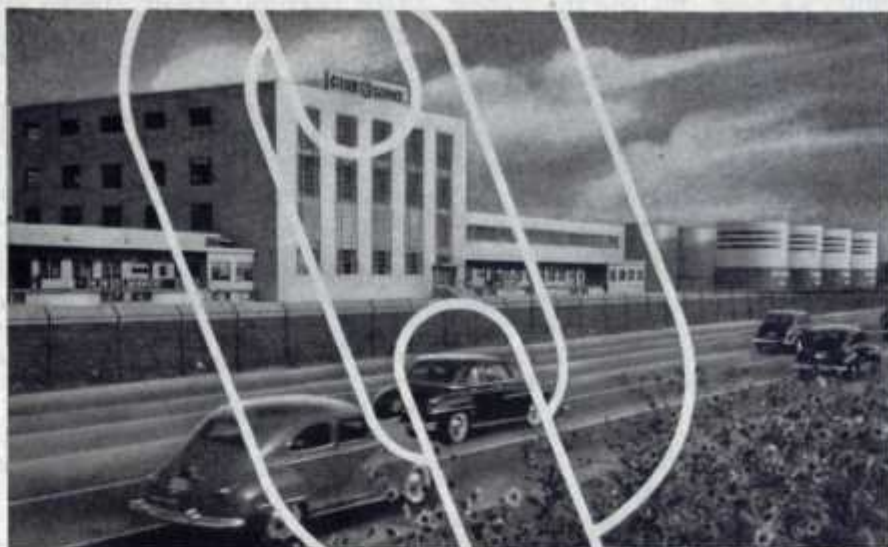
"Yes," he admitted, "Maine is a conservative state and back in '41 when the legislature authorized a toll road project there was a lot of head shaking and eyebrow raising. It was all right for Pennsylvania to build a toll road. Pennsylvania had an unusually heavy east-west traffic flow obstructed by the Allegheny Mountains. President Roosevelt approved \$29,250,000 in PWA funds to help the Pennsylvania Turnpike get a start and had told the RFC to buy up the Authority's \$40,800,000 revenue bonds."

But Maine, Getchell explained further, had its own problems. In the summer, when tourists came north looking for recreation, old U. S. Route 1, the granddaddy of public highways, sagged under the weight of buses, trucks, sleek convertibles and sedans. Many a fun-bound family tossed Maine's glowing travel literature out of the window after taking more than two hours to drive the 50 miles from Kittery to Portland.

The state needed a new road. However, financing it posed a problem, with the state already nursing a \$20,000,000 highway debt. The war deferred the decision on whether to repair the old or build a new turnpike, until 1945. Then New York engineering firms made traffic and construction surveys and estimated the total cost of a new highway at \$15,000,000. Actually the road cost \$20,600,000 and the money was raised by selling revenue bonds at 2.5 and 2.75 per cent interest. (Revenue bonds are tax-free obligations, issued by a public authority and based on the estimated earning power of the toll facility without involving the general credit of the state.)

In 1948, the first full year of operation, the Maine Turnpike Authority fell \$60,000 short of paying bond interest charges. Since then it has made up this loss and salted away a reserve fund of \$700,000 for repairs, maintenance and future interest charges. In 1950, the turnpike grossed more than \$1,000,000—two years ahead of original estimates. But it has not yet begun to amortize its bonds.

Getchell doesn't seem worried. As motor vehicles droned steadily through the tollgate near his office, he took time out to spike an apocryphal yarn about his toll road. When the motorist enters the Maine Turnpike, an attendant hands him a ticket with the time stamped on it. The turnpike is 45 miles long and the speed limit is 60



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miles an hour. So, the story goes, when the driver surrenders his card at the other end, the guard checks the time. If less than 45 minutes have passed since he picked up the ticket, the speed limit has been exceeded and the law can take over.

Actually, the state police, who patrol the turnpike, allow a ten-mile an hour leeway on the speed ceiling. In fact, attendants have neither the authority nor sufficient legal evidence to make an arrest.

Critics of the toll road sometimes circulate such stories. Among other things, they accuse the road of siphoning business away from the nontoll highway which it parallels. Route 1 in Maine is banked on both sides by roadside operators who live mostly off the summer vacationists. These operators rose up in protest when the toll road began competing with U. S. 1 for through traffic. York Harbor, Biddeford Pool and other communities in the vicinity feared they would become ghost towns.

On the contrary, business in '49 and '50 was exceptionally good. Some 500 new tourist cabins were built along U. S. 1 in the past year.

Alpheus D. Spiller, York Beach restaurant proprietor, and president of the Southern Maine Route 1 Association, has doubled his seating capacity since the turnpike opened. He and most of his associates cater to vacationists rather than through traffic.

Portland, at the northern end of the toll road, eyed the project with mixed emotions back in '48. Hotel and restaurant people feared that tourists heading north might be whisked past the city before they could open their billfolds. One hotel executive reported that, shortly after the turnpike opened, tourists telephoned occasionally to cancel reservations from somewhere up the line because they had passed Portland almost before they knew it.

However, most hotels and restaurants in Portland had a good year and are not complaining. New Hampshire people, who used to shop in Boston, sometimes find it more convenient to drive north on their own 15-mile turnpike, cross the Piscataqua River, and shoot up to Portland. They can finish their shopping, enjoy a seafood dinner, and be home in time for a late television show.

Winter was laying its cold hand on Maine when Getchell and I inspected the toll barrier near Portland. Traffic was light. In January and February it drops to 3,000 vehicles a day, but builds up to a

10,000 peak in August. Three attendants were collecting the fares—60 cents for passenger cars and \$1.50 for trucks.

While we were walking around the gas station and restaurant, the only concessions on the turnpike, an attendant reported that a truck had run out of gas about four miles down the road. Getchell streaked for his car. Wondering why he was in such a hurry, I jumped in beside him and watched the speedometer needle wave at the 70-mile an hour mark. When we reached the truck, Getchell said to the driver:

"Sorry this had to happen to you, pal. Make yourself comfortable and we'll get some help here right away."

This solicitude for a truck driver seemed unusual until I reflected that Getchell is in the transportation business, selling extra-fare superhighways. Sometimes the competition is stiff, too. The U. S. 1 merchants got together and produced an attractive strip map which outlines the advantages of traveling the old route instead of the turnpike. Getchell says that so many truck drivers pocketed the

in construction, he's put a slight curve in his long Jersey straightaways so that a driver susceptible to velocitizing must keep a gentle but constant pressure on his steering wheel to stay on the road. A new drainage system carries away snow and ice before they can freeze on the road surface.

Work also is progressing along the 118-mile route from the Delaware Memorial Bridge near Pennsylvania to a connection with the George Washington bridge across the Hudson. In Elizabeth, the roadway slashes through a section of cold-water flats. In the heavily industrialized Newark area \$7,000,000 in utility properties had to be relocated. Construction costs average \$8,000,000 a mile. Seven major bridge construction jobs are under way.

The Authority's bustling real estate department already has handled more than 3,000 transactions in connection with the right of way. At the northern end, the road cuts across the Jersey marshy meadow lands, necessitating the laying of sand-based foundations and a costly drainage system. In the southern section a utility company estimates that 10,000 new homes will be built as soon as the turnpike brings that area within commuting distance of Manhattan.

Before the construction work is completed, costs are expected to exceed the current \$230,000,000 estimate. All of the money was raised through revenue bonds.

Unless the war situation imposes drastic curtailment of automotive production, plus gasoline rationing, lack of business is one of the least worries of today's toll road builders. Highway users, at least in these inflated times, have demonstrated their willingness to pay an extra fare for an extra service. Opposition to toll roads has come from almost every source except the motorist.

Furthermore, for the time being there is no danger of nontoll roads closing the gap between road construction and auto production. The 25,000 miles of roads built or rebuilt in '49 could barely hold all the autos produced in the same year. For every dollar spent on new road construction 70 cents goes into maintenance. The Bureau of Public Roads estimates that 45 per cent of the highways which receive federal aid need repairs. Estimates of the cost of bringing the nationwide road system up to standards commensurate with traffic requirements range from \$42,- to \$47,000,000,000.

The mile of concrete pavement



fare which their companies gave them for use on the toll road, and then drove over Route 1, that the Turnpike Authority finally issued special commutation tickets.

It's a refreshing experience for a jaded motorist to talk to Getchell or Charlie Noble, two fast-moving highway engineers who tailor their highways to excite the admiration of the man behind the wheel. A former Seabee officer who served in the Pacific during World War II, Noble is now chief engineer of the New Jersey Turnpike Authority. He formerly worked on the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

Seeking the latest improvements

which cost \$20,000 to build in 1940, now runs twice that much. Thus any system, such as the toll road method of highway financing, which offers de luxe roads now, without further straining the credit of state and federal governments, is bound to appeal to the public, even though it is expensive.

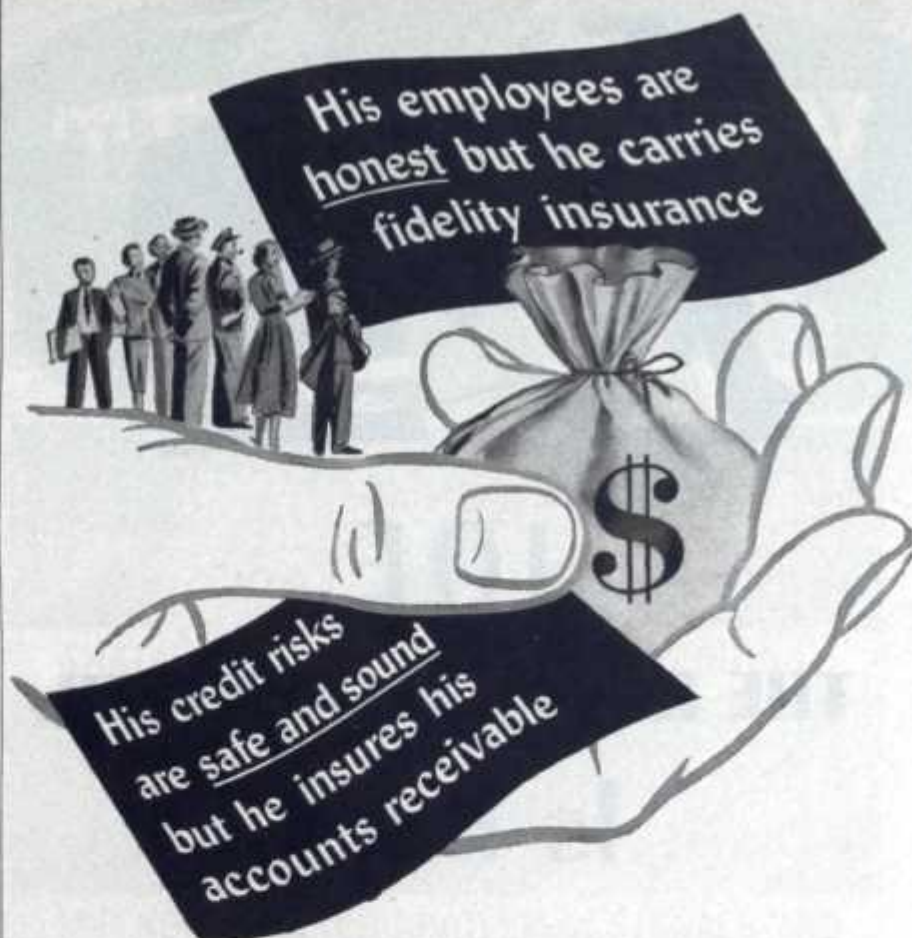
One reason for the high cost, of course, is the necessity of retaining toll collection machinery and personnel. Collecting tolls on the Maine Turnpike costs \$112,000 a year—about eight per cent of the gross.

New York State's Thruway Authority hopes to reduce the collection cost, and also qualify itself for federal aid, by dispensing with toll collecting facilities and substituting special license plates which would entitle the purchaser to use the road.

Digging into one's pocket to pay a toll fare becomes a nuisance after the novelty wears off. But for the time being it seems to be a sounder approach to the road-financing problem than following the easier alternative of shifting an even greater proportion of the responsibility on to Uncle Sam. Yet, under provisions of the Federal Highway Act of 1944, government funds are now used to build roads of purely local character. The Eighty-first Congress considered increasing Washington's contribution to the interstate highway program from the usual 50-50 split to 75-25. Such a proposal led E. L. Schmidt, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Department of Highways, and an unreconstructed states' rights champion, to exclaim: "We want Uncle Sam for a partner but not for a boss!"

Schmidt criticizes the federal Government for returning only \$433,000,000 of the \$1,200,000,000 collected in motor and gasoline taxes. He would be happier if the states were left free to exploit these sources of revenue.

One point in favor of the toll road is that it has stimulated interest in highway transportation; showed the user what a small percentage of his transportation dollar (about ten per cent) is spent on construction. In theory, the solution to the toll road epidemic is simple: 1, state highway departments should present the need for better roads to the public; 2, legislatures should pass laws prohibiting the diversion of highway users' revenue for nonhighway projects; and, 3, the gasoline tax should be increased as much as needed to cover the cost of improvements and construction.



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JOE, THE BLACK MARKETEE, Is Back

By ALAN HYND

PRICE ceilings and shortages spawned the chiseler in the last war. Now he's with us again

AN OLD and reputable Bridgeport, Conn., appliance establishment recently found itself unable to live up to its service contracts with the purchasers of expensive television sets. In most instances the dilemma revolved around a TV tube that the appliance dealer had been buying from a jobber for \$2.40. The jobber, located in New York, 50-odd miles distant, was out of the tubes, which contain materials essential to the country's defense program, and didn't expect an allotment from the manufacturer for a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, TV set owners sat at their telephones, with copies of their service contracts at their elbows, and threatened the appliance dealer with everything from legal action to a punch in the nose.

The dealer was trying to figure out whether to take a slow boat to the South Pole or a fast clipper to the North Pole—anything to get away from the human static—when in walked a sharply dressed

little stranger with the answer to his troubles.

"Need any TV tubes?" asked the stranger brightly. "What kind of tubes?" asked the harassed dealer. "Any kind," said the stranger. "You name it. I got it."

The stranger led the dealer to a car bearing New York tags. It was filled with scarce items used in TV set servicing, including the critical tube that normally sold for \$2.40. The appliance dealer said he'd take 100 of the tubes. The price was \$3.60 each—a 50 per cent increase.

"To whom," asked the dealer, "will I make out the check?" "No checks, my friend," said the stranger.

The stranger was about to depart when the dealer asked him who he was and where he could get in touch with him if he had to. "My office is in my car and I ain't got a phone in yet," the man cracked. "But don't worry. I'll be around again."

In Los Angeles, late in the

winter, a builder found himself unable to complete a resident construction project because of a shortage of B-X cable, which is used to wire houses and is in short supply because it contains both copper and steel. What he needed was 30,000 feet of 14-gauge two-conductor cable, which sold for about \$70 per 1,000 feet, but the jobber through whom the builder dealt was out of B-X and didn't know when the manufacturer would allocate more to him.

The builder was sweating it out when he received a telephone call from a man who declined to reveal his name.

"You wouldn't be needin' maybe 25,000 or 50,000 feet of B-X, would you?" asked the man. "Maybe I would," said the builder. "Maybe I got it," said the voice.

The builder, a basically honorable man, made an appointment to meet the caller in the rear of a parking lot on the outskirts of the city. The builder found the man surrounded by thousands of feet of B-X, yet doing business out of his derby.

"There it is," said the man with the cable, "all you want of it."

How much, the builder asked, for 30,000 feet of 14-gauge two-conductor B-X? The price was \$90 per 1,000 feet, \$20 more than the legitimate jobber's price, or a jack-up of \$600 on a \$2,100 deal. Cash, of course; no paper, nothing in writing.

"Better take it, Mac," said the stranger, "or you won't be able to get your houses finished on time."

The builder, fearful that he would run into more shortages and more holdups if he delayed his program until he could get the B-X through legitimate channels, went, as the racket boys say, for a nose-bleed.

An automobile repair man in Amarillo, Tex., received a visit a few months ago from another stranger.

"How you fixed for spare parts?" inquired the visitor. "Oh, they're a little tight," said the repair man, "but not too bad."

"They're gonna get worse, mister. Like in the last war when you couldn't get spare parts."

What, the repair man demanded to know, was his caller getting at? "Just linin' things up," was the reply, "for when the squeeze goes on. Maybe we can do business when things get tougher."

No matter where he operates or what he's peddling or what he looks like—whether he's the sharply dressed character with the TV tubes in Bridgeport, or the man

with the B-X cable in L. A., or the stranger dealing in spare-parts futures in Amarillo—he has one name and he is one thing.

He is that old acquaintance from the last war—Joe, the black marketer. He has come back from wherever it is that he has been keeping himself for almost six years to fulfill his function as the good Samaritan who wants to help people over the rough road of shortages and restrictions.

If a man can't get what he needs in his business or profession from his regular supplier—that gent who puts a premium on such old-fashioned stuff as ethics, honesty, fair-dealing and compliance with laws and essential regulations—all he has to do is turn to Joe. Joe's helping hand is already visible in some fields—steel, appliances, building supplies, automobiles, paper—in scattered sections of the country; as shortages develop in other fields, such as consumer goods and meat, Joe will be back at the old stand.

He asks nothing in return for all the trouble he goes to and all the chances he takes in locating just the right items—nothing except anywhere from two to 20 times the price a legitimate dealer would charge for the same thing.

Joe, the black marketer, Joe, the gray marketer, and Joe, the gouger, are all one and the same; he represents that one per cent of the population with an eye peeled for the fast, easy or dishonest buck. A gouger or gray marketer is an unarmed stick-up man who operates outside a zone of law or regulation; he changes color and becomes a black marketer overnight when, although carrying on the same activity, he finds a price ceiling over his head.

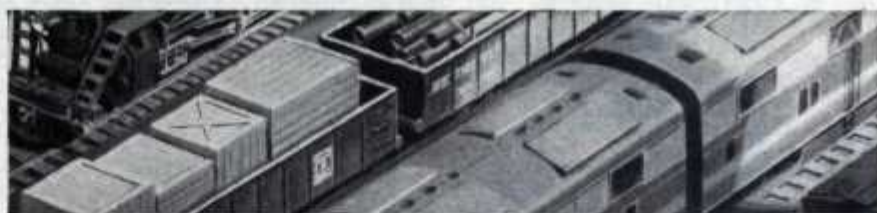
Joe, drooling over the prospects of serious shortages as the defense program meshes into high gear, figures to do business just as he did in the last war. To him the Office of Price Stabilization is just the Office of Price Administration with a new set of initials.

But something new has been added and Joe may not find it to his liking. The man who is seeing to it that OPS regulations are enforced is Edward P. Morgan, ex-chief inspector of the FBI. Morgan is old-fashioned; he thinks crooks ought to be behind bars. He's busy putting together an investigative force built around ex-FBI special agents who are leaving private law practices to work for the Government.

Joe's been doing all right in the used car field in some sections of



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The used-car deal: a new car driven briefly, then repeddled

the country so far, Rochester, N. Y., for example. There are in the Rochester area, a territory of 450,000 population, upward of 150 new and used car dealers. Among the used car dealers are a small minority who have been mopping up since ceilings were placed on used and new cars. Certain cars in the upper-price brackets, unobtainable on short notice in the showrooms of legitimate dealers, are, after being driven only 100 miles or so, available on the used car lots at from \$200 upward over the ceiling for a new car.

When Michael V. DiSalle, Uncle Sam's price administrator, clamped ceilings on used cars, these Rochester operators paused briefly to study the regulations, then went right on accommodating customers in a hurry for certain "used" cars. It is working this way:

Joe charges only the ceiling price. Then he makes a cash bet of anywhere from \$200 up with the customer. "I'll bet you," says Joe, "you can't lift that Cadillac over there ten feet off the ground with one hand." If the customer hopes to leave Joe's place with what he went there for, he'll get hep, take Joe up on that bet, lose and promptly pay off in cash.

Been in your favorite liquor store lately? You have probably noticed some bargains he is offering in whiskies and wines. If you inspect the bargains closely you will find that the whisky is a brand that'll take the roof off your mouth and that the bargain-basket wine is in no position to boast of its ancestry. Your dealer is stuck with the stuff and is selling it at less than he paid for it. What has happened is that your dealer, in order to take care of you with an occasional bottle of

scarce Scotch, has had to buy the poor quality beverages to get the better-grade liquors.

One eastern liquor distributing outfit — Johnnies-come-lately in the thirst-quenching field—palm off on liquor retailers five cases of poor stuff before letting go of two cases of Scotch.

"If those boys aren't operating a black market I don't know what you would call it," says one retailer. "What's the difference between paying for five cases of poor stuff that you know you're going to take a loss on and paying straight cash under the counter to get the Scotch?"

Steel, for obvious reasons, offers the biggest opportunity for quick black-market killings and Joe is the man to exploit the situation. The *Cleveland Press* for months has been getting rumbles of Joe's bootleg operations in the country's basic commodity along the shores of Lake Erie; so have newspapers and Better Business Bureaus in a score of other shipping and manufacturing cities.

A typical high-level operation was disclosed recently when an Indianapolis manufacturer sent Joe, in New York, a letter of credit for \$10,000 for which he was to supply him with plate steel. Joe, who didn't have any money of his own, waved the letter of credit around and on the strength of the waving got hold of the steel.

Meantime, he had located a customer in Brooklyn who offered him \$15,000 for the steel. Feeling sorry for the Brooklyn man, Joe let him have the steel for cash and had the letter of credit returned to the Indianapolis man with a little note saying he hadn't been able to locate the steel.

The Indianapolis man came to



With the black market man it's always cash—no checks taken

New York and tracked down the whole transaction and reported it to the New York Better Business Bureau. The Bureau called Joe on the phone and asked him to come in for a little talk. Joe wasn't falling for that. He knew his rights; knew that the Better Business Bureau had no jurisdiction over a black-market operation. So he told the B.B.B. to go fly a kite.

The building-supplies industry, blanketed by a gray market for some time now, recently found itself covered by a black one. In addition to B-X cable, water pipe and copper tubing fell into the hands of Joe. Nails, already on allocation, are getting scarcer and Joe will take them over, too, when he can be of real service to people eager to get houses finished.

Rocklath, a gypsum-board plaster base, is a black-market item from coast to coast. A Newark, N. J., business man, needing 4,000 square feet of rocklath to finish a house, had to go to Joe for it and pay six cents a square foot for what legitimate suppliers were charging 3¼ cents when they could get it on allocation.

If things get real tough, we may have to turn to Joe for even so little as a good-quality handkerchief. Cotton, short and getting shorter, fascinates Joe. One Chicago custom tailor, not able to get a cotton material used for trousers waistbands, and normally selling at \$15 a yard, got it from Joe at \$21 a yard. White sheets and pillow cases, now on an allotment basis to retailers from the big mills, are increasingly interesting to Joe.

Colored sheets are already going under the counter in some sections. A San Francisco linen shop recently received a visit from a man who said he had an unlimited supply of colored sheets bearing the label of a big manufacturer at a slight markup—50 per cent. Up to now there has been no scarcity of nylon stockings, but that is not to say that Joe does not have his eye on them, filled or unfilled.

Joe is doing a brisk business, in greater New York and several other metropolitan areas, helping merchants out with wrapping paper and paper bags. When such paper, allocated to jobbers at about 20 per cent of the normal consumption, was being jobbed at 12 cents a pound, but wasn't available, Joe got all of it buyers could use at from 18 to 20 cents a pound, cash and no paper, please!

Joe can also oblige with rubber bands, which are scarce in certain sections. The legitimate price at a jobber's was 75 cents a pound a

year ago; Joe has stretched that to \$3 upward, depending on how much a retailer needs his help.

Joe has his eye on the DDT shortage; the shortage of the insect killer offers practically unlimited opportunities for making killings among humans. He's moving in, too, on the dry cleaning industry. A certain solvent, retailing at around \$87 for a 700-pound barrel, has been placed on allocation but Joe has it at \$105 a barrel and up.

Appliance dealers throughout the country are being propositioned by telephone calls and personal visits from characters they have never seen before. Reputable dealers may be short of washing machines, refrigerators and deep-freeze units, but the visiting characters aren't.

Every sizable deal of Joe's is for cash, preferably delivered at night under a two-watt bulb. Joe wants no truck with new tax rates.

But, taking a long-range look at the shortage schedule, Joe has, up to now, only been out in the bull pen, warming up. He won't come in to the mound, to start throwing his hard stuff, until the big shortages really develop.

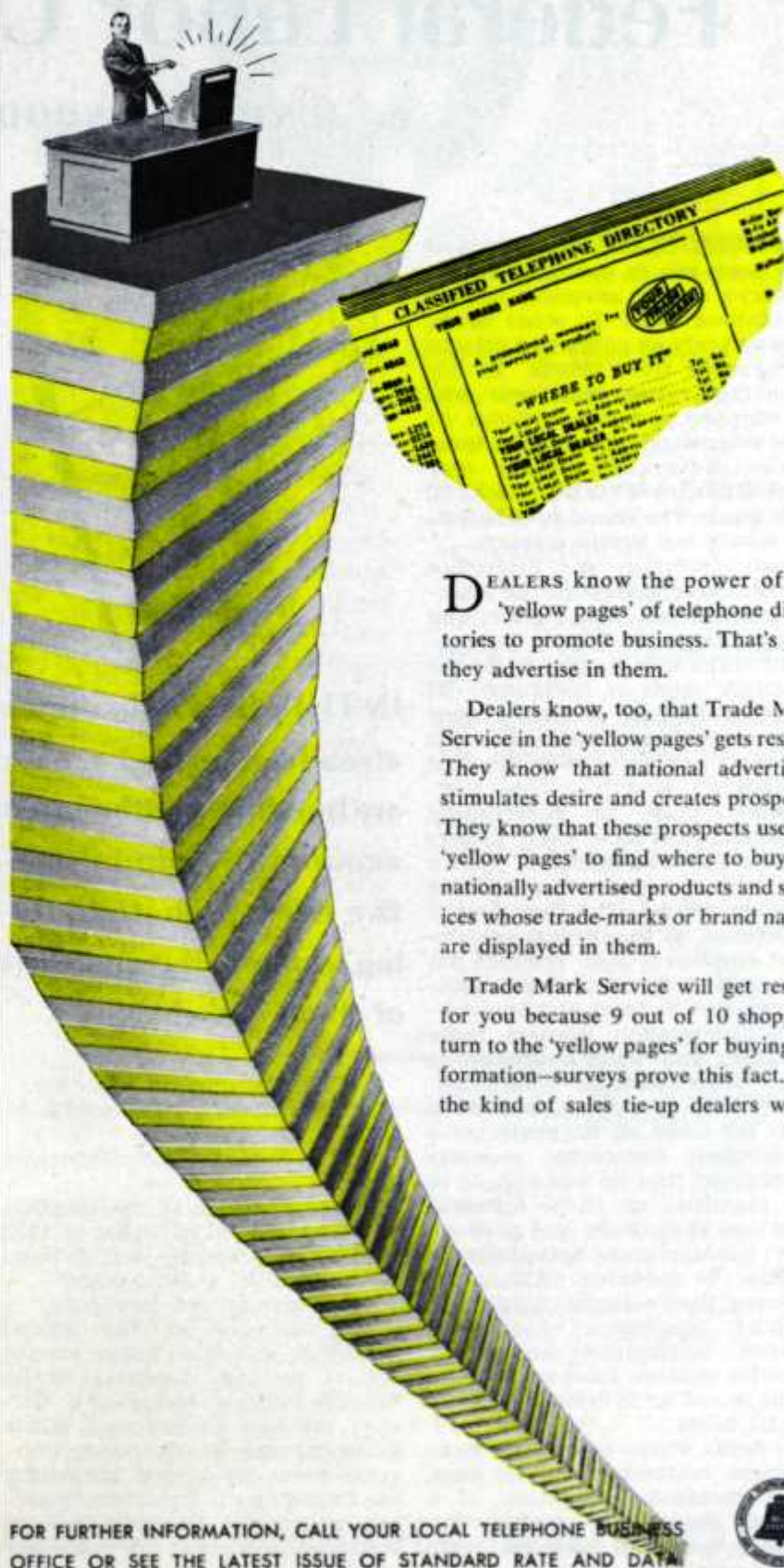
Recently, when meat began to get tight, Joe was right on the job, corrupting some of the key employees of eastern distributing plants of the big slaughterers. If the present emergency produces a meat shortage even approximating that of the last war, Joe will have the choice cuts while the corner butcher, wanting no truck with the black market, will have the fillet of shoe sole.

The chips are down and the lines are being drawn. A spot check of the country by this writer would seem to indicate that the people are not in the mood to tolerate the black marketing they were subjected to in the last war.

"I wouldn't deal with a black-market bum," says a New Orleans butcher. "I'll go out of business first," says a Toledo, Ohio, stationer. "I'll eat dirt before I eat black-market meat again," says a Trenton, N. J., lawyer.

"Although Joe, the black marketer, is up at bat again," says price enforcement chief Morgan, "he won't get to first base if the business man, the professional man and the housewife refuse to pitch to him. The public at large, law-abiding and respectful of laws and essential regulations, will co-operate with the Office of Price Stabilization if it is convinced that we mean business. *And we mean business.*"

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Federal Labor Controls

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

OFFICIAL CLAMOR and conflict may cover but do not conceal this country's steady advances toward a socialized state. In other lands, dictators rely on police and prisons to regiment their people. In our democracy, crises and confusion are whipped up for the citizens. As their attention is diverted by these tactics, Government takes over more activities of states, cities and individuals. The shadows of Socialism slowly but surely spread.

Such confusion and interoffice conflicts are greatest in the agencies concerned with labor and management. In them, bureaucratic turmoil is the mulch for the sprouting seeds of Socialism. Of all governmental activities, none shows the steady drive towards Socialism as clearly as in the field of labor.

"More than 75 government establishments have their fingers in labor and management," says a man who has devoted a lifetime to union affairs. The Department of Defense, as the biggest government employer, is an indirect but dominant factor in national manpower; the Federal Communications Commission licenses radio operators and weighs complaints about their working conditions; the Federal Housing Commission cares for labor on its projects—a Washington contractor recently complained that he was obliged to pay plumbers on three different buildings \$1.65, \$1.90 and \$2.25 an hour; the Maritime Commission, in addition to spending millions for shipping, fixes seamen's wages and working conditions; Commerce, Interior, Agriculture and other agencies enforce rules for private employment as functions in their special fields.

In fields where labor and management matters have not been made incidental functions of a special agency or department, three government establishments have jurisdiction. They are:



IN THIS field as in others already reported on we are building a regimented economy by administrative edict, even while trying to defeat the same sort of thing elsewhere

1. The Department of Labor.
2. Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service.
3. The National Labor Relations Board.

Workers welcomed the creation of a Department of Labor in 1913 to "foster, promote, and develop the welfare of wage earners."

But, instead of becoming a strong member of the official family as expected, Labor turned out to be the stepchild. While Frances Perkins (Mrs. Paul C. Wilson), welfare worker and White House favorite, was Secretary, Congress even considered abolishing the Department. President Roosevelt saved the Cabinet seat, at least, but important bureaus—unemployment service, immigration

and conciliation, among them—were transferred to other establishments. This left the Bureau of Labor Statistics which collects figures on employment, wages, living costs, housing, veterans and many subjects in the Department.

The Bureau accounted for about one third of the Department's employees. Some others were kept busy, according to a report by Rep. John B. Williams, a Mississippi Democrat and chairman of a House Civil Service subcommittee, in squandering \$1,000,000 while keeping occupied writing personal letters, reading office manuals and making work-progress reports on nonexistent projects.

Even so, four of the Department's top five offices were vacant when Maurice J. Tobin became Secretary in 1948.

Not discouraged by this, Tobin, addressing the 1948 AFL convention in Cincinnati, pledged himself to "work unceasingly to restore the Labor Department to its rightful and full strength as the voice in Government of the wage earner and as the centralized agency for governmental labor and manpower functions."

Two weeks later, Tobin informed a conference of State Labor Commissioners in Washington, D. C., that "34 states have antilabor laws, some worse than the Taft-Hartley Act." He explained: "I want a federal labor department in which all federal laws are administered; all labor, manpower and social insurance functions for workers are coordinated."

A year later—but before the 1950 elections—Tobin informed another AFL convention in St. Paul that the Taft-Hartley Act "is doomed, not only because it is anti-union but because it is anti-American." He promised the workers "higher and higher wages and lower and lower prices." Secretary Brannan makes the same promise to the farmers. Both can't win, but

consumer and taxpayer are sure to lose.

As a result of the campaign to restore the Labor Department to its place in the official family, the Bureau of Employment Security, which has shuttled between the Federal Security Agency and Labor since 1939, is now restored to the Department.

As a manifestation of its eagerness to serve, this Bureau is willing to take over the unemployment and unemployment insurance offices of the 48 states.

The states have fought this move zestfully.

States have different laws for paying benefits. They collect the premiums, a national average of 1.7 per cent of wages, covering benefits and administration, and deposit the collections in the U. S. Treasury. The Labor Department passes on state laws and their operation. A state draws on the Treasury for its own money for benefits and operating expenses as needed.

The Labor Department was soon embroiled with California and Washington on the Pacific coast. The issue was over paying unemployment benefits to strikers. The Department ruled that withholding benefits did not conform to state laws which the Department had approved.

Broadly, the Department would dictate to every state on unemployment and related activities. It ordered the Treasury to impound the benefit money of the two states.

Congress decided this was an infringement of states' rights. It passed a bill introduced by Sen. William F. Knowland of California requiring State Supreme Court decisions on whether a state is complying with its own laws. The Department still can call a hearing to overrule the court but so far has not declared open war on any more states.

But, although the states have held to their sovereignty in the unemployment field, unions have not been so successful. They are now required to file organization and financial reports with the Secretary of Labor. The Department also largely has taken over the unions' wage and hour, health and vacation functions, has an apprenticeship bureau and even offers to pass on union representation on the National Railroad Adjustment Board.

The Federal Wage-Hour Law specifies a 40-hour week and overtime and 75 cents an hour minimum wage. The Department holds



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that it can change these limits for any business.

Department rulings top those of states or unions where federal law is involved and often those of other federal agencies in their own fields. It has a detailed wage-hour schedule for Puerto Rico and, invoking the Walsh-Healey Act, is working on 64 industries in the United States. It tabulates housing and construction projects, passes on a contractor's eligibility for public work. It has a veterans employment bureau. An assistant secretary is detailed for the International Labor Organization. Other government establishments also do all these things.

Its apprenticeship bureau has not been able to become much more than an observer in this activity.

Many unions have their own schools or approved courses in city vocational schools, while all have their own agreements with employers for on-the-job training, for wages and the time required for a learner to become an apprentice and for an apprentice to rate as a journeyman. The bureau collects and tabulates data and gives advice for what it is worth.

The Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, taken from the Labor Department in 1947, is what its name indicates. It cannot enforce decisions, nor need it disclose them to the public. If a dispute is not terminated within 30 days, employers and unions must notify FMCS, also the state conciliation service. Most states have such boards—excellent in Massachusetts, New York, California and a few others. The FMCS does not encroach on the states. One criticism of it is that it favors the stronger side. A cynic adds: "If the employer hires a lawyer, FMCS gets only halfway; and if the union also hires one, it gets nowhere."

In contrast to this pacifist board, the National Labor Relations Board has teeth to enforce decisions and uses them, internally and externally. The internal row between the Board and its former general counsel, Robert N. Denham, covered several acres of newsprint. The Board has been accused of being investigator, prosecutor and judge and on labor's side in every dispute; in brief, prejudicial instead of judicial. One acid tongue declared: "Its five members know as little about business or how to earn a dollar as a pig does about Sunday."

Under the Board are some 300 regional directors and field examiners. Competition between

AFL, CIO and independent unions is keen for these quasijudicial offices as for other government spots. Insiders say that his previous CIO connections prevented John W. Gibson, assistant secretary, from becoming Secretary of Labor instead of Tobin.

This year's big scramble followed the return of the Machinists Union to AFL after being in and out for eight years. Members of this union on NLRB and other government boards were appointed to speak for independent unions. Now, unless they resign, rivals say AFL gets double representation.

Labor circles have other doubts about NLRB as it becomes increasingly divided in decisions. Some time ago, the president of an independent union in West Virginia accused the Board of trying to scuttle his union so CIO could take over. Others have more recent complaints of partiality.

A recent NLRB decision, however, set all unions back on their heels. A CIO union decided to deduct 50 cents from the dues of every member who answered "Present!" at a union meeting. Because the shop had a checkoff system this meant more bookkeeping for the employer. He complained to NLRB as the Taft-Hartley Act permits. The Board ruled that a union cannot pay members to attend meetings.

"Under democratic processes, any organization has the right to adopt rules and to enforce them," a union member declared. "According to this NLRB ruling, if any private organization gets into the clutches of a government bureau, the bureau can overrule decisions of the organization's own members, even how they use their own money. That gets far from democracy."

"It is particularly farcical in this case. Advocates of Taft-Hartley pictured unions as composed of tough bosses and browbeaten members. NLRB now forbids a union to induce members to attend and take part in meetings."

As NLRB enforces the Taft-Hartley Act, nonpayment of dues is the only cause for which a union can expel a member. Union officials must take a non-Communist oath to have a case heard by NLRB, but a union cannot expel a member for being a Communist.

The railroads best demonstrate how far we have gone. They are one of the big industry groups for which the Government has created independent regulatory boards outside of the Labor Department, Mediation and Conciliation and NLRB. The Interstate Commerce

Commission was established in 1887. Other regulatory boards followed.

For close to a century railroads and employes had their own routine to settle disputes. Possibly one in 100 was heard of outside of the parties involved. With the 1934 amendment to the Railway Labor Act, the Government declared itself a partner. Now, in spite of comprehensive—although complicated and unwieldy—arbitration machinery, 20 disagreements in one year reached the President of the United States, who set up special mediation boards. Two of them made history.

The first, in 1947, granted a raise. Fred M. Vinson, now Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court but then chairman of the Wage Stabilization Board, canceled it. President Truman threatened to draft railroad men into the Army.

The other board sat on a dispute from March, 1948, to December, 1950. It awoke suddenly when trainmen in a dozen cities became "sick" and railroads were swamped with Christmas cards and perishable goods. Meetings resumed and the men returned to work.

John R. Steelman, assistant to President Truman, announced that the dispute was settled. Unions retorted that the agreement was only temporary, the negotiations were back to where they started and almost two years had been wasted by government dawdling.

"The White House proposal was turned down because, like the Emergency Board report (1947) before it, it would have given away conditions achieved in more than 50 years of collective bargaining," W. P. Kennedy, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, stated.

"The men on the President's Emergency Board are totally unfamiliar with the railroad industry and rail labor problems," he continued. "How can we permit strangers, unfamiliar with the complexities of rail labor-management relations, to have the final say in such vital matters?"

He declared that any agreement to a proposal by only one party—in this case, the carriers agreed—is virtually compulsory arbitration, a mechanism most repulsive to both free labor and free enterprise.

Sir Stafford Cripps has said that no government ever succeeded in managing a national economy without compulsion on labor. British workers know that was not mere "campaign oratory." They have found out what Socialism

means to them. A recent British government publication reports that compulsion has been used against workers in 661 cases.

In England, the Labor Party rode into power on the 8,000,000 votes of the Trades Union Congress. Government has shackled free enterprise and the give-and-take between labor and management has disappeared.

The Government nationalized coal, railroads, civil aviation, electricity and gas and steel early this year. Instead of the expected comfort and abundance, production of the socialized state declines and the people's discomforts increase. Where England once produced surplus coal—its most abundant raw material—for export, it now gets coal from the United States. Electricity and heating are curtailed for lack of fuel. Food rations, instead of increasing, become more meager.

National emergencies require controls. But if they do not disappear when the emergency passes, the creeping paralysis of the socialized state has moved closer. Our Government distracts labor and management with a confusion of officials and regulations and takes over more of their rights as free agents. England is a mild example of what is ahead. Soviet Russia is a harsher one.

Unlike their European counterparts, our labor leaders still believe in an expanding economy built on the traditional base of enterprise, competition and private bargaining. In the hybrid socialistic society union labor itself has helped to create, it fears the future and dares not retrace the steps that led to present difficulties.

"Why not let a free economy function?" John L. Lewis recently said to the Wage Stabilization Board. "The wage structure of our country cannot be stabilized by the arbitrary fiat or decree of an agency of Government in substitution for the great structure of collective bargaining which is the result of at least 100 years of experimentation between the interests involved. Production can meet the nation's requirements without a government center to dictate every act, to prescribe every rule and to take over the enormous task which constantly requires the attention—and the complete attention—of the leaders of industry and labor."

"We can't change ourselves and the basic form of this Government and adopt all the techniques of more absolute governments and still continue to call ourselves a democracy and a republic."

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52 is Their Lucky Number

(Continued from page 30)

The New York 52 Association is, in truth, nonsectarian and interracial. The men who are entertained are selected by their doctors or officers at the hospitals. Catholics, Protestants and Jews mix amicably. So do colored and white.

Unpleasant incidents are so rare as to be almost nonexistent.

The idea of an organization for the wounded which would never become bureaucratic took shape early in 1945. A young naval lieutenant, in charge of a detail of blind sailors on liberty, decided to stop in at Reuben's Restaurant on East 58th Street, New York, before returning the men to their hospital. They had a fine meal. But when the check came the officer found that he did not have sufficient cash to pay it. He went to Arnold Reuben, Jr., son of the proprietor, to explain his predicament and to say that he would forward the money as soon as he got back to his base. Reuben flatly refused to consider payment of any kind. The party, he insisted, was on the house.

Reuben and his father, Arnold Reuben, Sr., talked the incident over the next morning. Inquiry developed that few personal contacts existed between disabled veterans and the people of the big city. So they organized 52 of their friends into a group which agreed to give 52 parties a year. Today the New York chapter lists more than 2,000 members, about half of them women. The events put on have soared to 52 a month. The dues are \$52 a year, or as much more as the member can afford to pay.

The figure has a double significance. Reuben's accountants estimated that it cost \$51.47 to serve a first-class dinner for 12 men, so they fixed on the round sum. The theater tickets are extra, of course. The organizers set their basic policy at the start. The men never would be required to eat table d'hôte meals. The 52 Association would never grow impersonal.

The purpose of the 52 Associations is much broader than providing excellent food and entertainment, important as those functions are. It is to get the boy out of the hospital and back into the community as soon as the medical authorities certify him as fit. This is practical altruism.

Veterans of World War I are still hospitalized by the thousands, at staggering cost. They received too little personal attention. Jobs were denied them. To their bodily injuries was added the almost incurable one of mental despair.

Strictly speaking the filet mignon and the roast beef are—like the talented actors and the pretty dancers who entertain the men—devices. They are devices to persuade them that somebody remembers, still cares and is standing by. The 52 Association in New York has implemented all this with laudable skill. Each guest who has been entertained is given a card, small enough to fit into his wallet, which certifies that he has been at a 52 party.

The essential thing about the card is its reverse side, which announces:

JOB PLACEMENT SERVICE — A non-fee-charging placement and counseling service for disabled veterans. Please telephone Circle 6-2546 for interview appointment to save yourself time.

Meanwhile the 52 Association bombards its members—most of whom are leaders in New York commercial and professional circles—with reminders that a disabled soldier can still be turned into a useful, self-supporting citizen.

"When we think of jobs for disabled veterans," said one such appeal, "we tend to think of their disabilities first and almost immediately of the jobs the disabilities prevent these men from doing. The chief question to answer in counseling and placing a disabled veteran is not 'What can't he do?' but 'What can he do?'"

The placement service is still small. It consists of a pair of trained experts. But it helps to fill the space between the large, often complex, sometimes impersonal public agencies and the bewildered Joe.

The most important thing, probably, is that the men who use it already have eaten the steaks provided by these warmhearted people and enjoyed the entertainment they have arranged. They carry the little cards in their wallets. They feel that they belong.

"For hundreds of disabled veterans," 52 claims with pride, "we are their first port of call in moments of stress. We of 52 are both a friend and a family. We

provide an essential listening post, a place to talk out troubles. . . ."

Up to now, more than 7,000 boys have dropped into the office of New York 52 on Eighth Avenue. Let us look at a typical customer or two.

George, a patient at a veterans' hospital in the Bronx, is a victim of the cruel cold in Korea. He received a minor gunshot wound and lay exposed for a night before the medical crew got to him. The result was that his left foot had to be amputated just above the ankle. George is hardly 20 years old. He went into the Army after the third year of high school because his closest friend volunteered. He had done odd jobs, but had no trade. A bright, extraverted boy, he had been told by the hospital psychiatrists that he ought to try to get a job as a salesman. He had a way with people. They thought he would do well.

But George didn't do much about trying, mostly because he had no contacts and was uncertain where to turn. One night, however, he was picked by his commanding officer to attend a 52 dinner and theater party.

He was cheered by the friendliness of his hosts. A week or so later he dropped in at 52 headquarters and talked with one of the counseling staff.

"Let me telephone one of our members," George was told. The conversation which followed was, in substance:

"Look Bill, I've got a boy named George here in the office. He's a nice guy, and bright. He was wounded in Korea, but can get around fine. How about giving him a job in your suit house? You'll take him out to lunch tomorrow. O.K. I'll tell him."

George had lunch with his prospective employer and got the job. That was some months ago. Today he is well on the way to being an assistant sales manager and is married to a pretty model.

The solution is not always so simple. For all the good will of the 52 enthusiasts, some cases are hard to solve. Bill Jones—all of the names being used are, of course, fictitious—long has been a patient at Sunmount Veterans Hospital at Tupper Lake in the New York Adirondack Mountains.

Bill had been a casualty in the December, 1944, Battle of the Bulge. He had been sent to a hospital in France where he had developed tuberculosis. Finally evacuated to the United States, he learned that his girl had married another man.

Jones had just turned 30 on a

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Saturday in October of last year when a delegation from 52 arrived at Tupper Lake. Scheduled for the day was a "Cruise with 52" in which, toward its close, the captain's dinner on a luxury liner was simulated. Fifteen automobiles brought hosts, dancers and singers. The food included roast turkey, baked ham and all the fixings.

Among the entertainers was Jimmy Valentine, an amputee himself, who danced with a pretty partner.

The men with recent birthdays received such presents as cigarette lighters, wallets, sports shirts and neckties—and among the recipients was Bill. A few days later one of the hospital doctors told him that he was well enough to take on light work. His discharge could be arranged. Bill sulked at first. He did not know where to turn, he protested. Then he remembered the card that had been given him by 52. In due course he got a job as a gardener on the estate of a 52 member on Long Island. His health took a turn for the better.

The 52 system works efficiently because its members have the right connections.

The leaders of the 52 Associations regard the hospital ward parties as more effective than the ones held in the better restaurants. For one thing, more men can be reached. The identical standards of food and entertainment are

maintained. After one function a Korean casualty, a youth of only 18, was so overwhelmed that he went up to one of the hosts.

"I only wish," he said, "that all of the guys in my outfit were in the hospital today."

A St. Valentine's Day party at Valley Forge General Hospital in Phoenixville, Pa., might be cited in illustration of what 52 puts on. The dinner included roast turkey and baked ham, imported Swiss cheese, potato salad, cheese cake, dill pickles, soft drinks, coffee, cigars and cigarettes. A cast of more than a dozen Broadway stars did their acts.

The men of 52 do not hesitate, on occasion, to be a touch corny. Another party at Valley Forge was held on the day of an even more revered saint, St. Patrick. This time the host was the "Mc52 Association" and the menu listed Roast County Cork Chicken, Auld Sod Potato Salad and County Kerry Cheese.

Another activity of the 52 Associations is to hold parties for amputees and paraplegics at country clubs and private homes. Again, attention is paid to minute details. Are doors wide enough to permit the passage of wheel chairs? Is there so much sand between a dressing room and the beach that the veteran will have trouble manipulating a wheel chair which tends to bog down in sand? Are

you certain that the fellow members of your club or your neighbors will not stare at paraplegics or amputees and so make them uncomfortable and resentful?

Such things take time and money. The budget of the New York branch is now about \$75,000 a year of which hardly \$8,000 is spent for administrative expenses. In fact, the New York office is the national headquarters of the 52 Associations, and its management is determined that the plan shall not be exploited or abused. But this doesn't mean there are serious obstacles to the formation of a chapter anywhere in the United States.

Applications should be addressed to Mortimer Karpp, executive director of the 52 Association of New York, Inc., at 840 Eighth Avenue, New York. Many members do a considerable amount of traveling in connection with their business. It is not hard to find one who will agree to turn up in the city where a branch is being contemplated and check on the organizers. He will explain that commercial tie-ins are frowned on. The plan is not to be used for advertising.

"The idea," the inspecting member of 52 will emphasize, "is to surround the wounded man with normality, to get him back on his feet and get him a job; most of all, to return him to the normal life of the community."

A Walk to the River

(Continued from page 41)

killed." "Well," said the sergeant, "I'll tell you a secret, kid. I'm afraid, too."

"Honest?"

"Sure I'm afraid. I've always been afraid when I was shot at. Every man is afraid when his life is in danger. It's natural, isn't it?"

"I never thought of it quite that way. I guess so."

The underbrush was thinning now, and suddenly they were in a flat area where rice paddies steamed, and the clumps of trees stood out like islands. The sergeant stopped and raised his hand, and the patrol halted. He gave an order, and the squad spread out, and Murray, the bazooka man, called softly for his loader.

"There's supposed to be a river somewhere up there," the sergeant said. "We're supposed to see what's on the other side. Maybe if we just walk along together to the river we'll be good for each other."

"Okay," said Private Roberts. "I feel all right now." He went forward with the sergeant and the rifle felt good in his hands, and had lost its weight. Presently the wind parted the mists over the rice paddies, and the river was just ahead. It was perhaps 200 yards wide, and it ran swift and brown from the rains, and a log bridge was inching its way across from the other side. Also, in the trees on the other side were what seemed, at first, a cluster of reed-covered mud huts. But one of them began to make noises, and then it moved like a great beast disturbed from sleep.

"That's it!" the sergeant whispered. "Tanks, and bridging. Let's get out of here."

It was at that moment that something hit Private Roberts in the back and knocked him on his face and sent his rifle flying away. There were more explosions and he tried to press himself into the receptive earth. Then someone took him by his armpits and he was moving and the next he knew he was in the company CP. A lieu-

tenant was calling in coordinates to artillery, and an aid man was dusting his back, and the sergeant was standing over him. "I didn't hear a damn thing," he told the sergeant.

"You never hear the one that gets you," said the sergeant. "That's something I forgot to tell you. Anyway, think how lucky you are. They'll put you in a big fat airplane and you'll be in Tokyo tonight."

"What's the first thing you're going to do—see your baby-san?"

Private Roberts rubbed his chin. He was sure he felt bristles. "No," he said. "First I'm going to shave."

The aid men lifted his litter onto the back of a jeep. The sergeant said, "So long, Roberts. Remember what I told you when you get back."

"Get back!"

"Yes, get back. I don't know whether we'll be here or not, but I know you'll be coming back."

The jeep began to move. Private Roberts felt sort of guilty. He was sorry to leave the sergeant. He wondered whether the sergeant had ever really met Eisenhower.

I'd Take The '20's Again

(Continued from page 48)

rence, Beatrice Lillie and Ed Wynn, all still topnotchers.

In music, we can recall when George Gershwin with his "Rhapsody in Blue" lifted jazz from noise to art. We enjoyed the early music of Richard Rodgers of "South Pacific" and we knew Jerome Kern's "Show Boat" before it became a modern classic. Most of the hit songs of the period are played as often now as they were then. I once heard an epigram to the effect that you can tell a woman's age by the choruses she joins in, but that no longer holds true; my 20-year-old daughter and I know the same ones.

Writing shook itself free of the genteel tradition and became powerful as a giant who has rid himself of binding ropes. H. L. Mencken trenchantly, full-fistedly, shattered fuzzy ideas and false reputations. Ring Lardner in his short stories made common men come alive by daring to use the vernacular. H. G. Wells with his "Outline of History," Hendrik Willem Van Loon with his "Story of Mankind" and Will Durant with his "Story of Philosophy," all best sellers, pioneered in making great funds of knowledge available to the man in the street.

Because of lower manufacturing costs, publishers in the '20's could take greater chances on newcomers than is possible today and this, too, stimulated good writing. When a collection of short stories, "In Our Time," came to me as that lowliest cog in the wheels of an editorial department, a first reader, I enthusiastically recommended it as a "must." It sold only 475 copies, so my firm lost money on it, but I am still proud of myself for having spotted a genius. The author was a young man named Ernest Hemingway.

But even if everything I feel about the '20's is rose-colored in the haze of time, there remains some indisputable living evidence of the period's solid merits. It is the extraordinarily fine crop of contemporary young folks. They won a war for us and now, sensibly and cheerfully, they are bringing up their families in the face of housing and other difficulties we never knew. Since they have turned out so well, the generation that brought them up cannot really have been so mad and bad!

My Secretary Won a Raise on her Lunch Hour



she taught me to
**Say it with
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

Ed Jones is an important customer who likes the personal touch. Last week I was on a trip, and couldn't attend the opening of his Chicago branch. My secretary passed an F.T.D. Florist during lunch hour, and thought to wire flowers in my name.

Ed's pleased as punch. He feels that, even though I couldn't be there, I remembered. I'm happy because he's happy. Miss Morrow, my secretary, is happy, too. She won a raise when she taught me to say it with Flowers-By-Wire. It's a trick I won't forget!



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The Circus Comes to Town

(Continued from page 33)

rolled up, set on trucks and hauled to the train. As the show continues everything heads trainward when it has been used.

The Flying Squadron is loaded and steaming out of town before the performance is finished. The third section is loaded and shunted aside. Then the Big Top and the poles and the gear to get it in place roll onto the second section which sets out at once—usually at 2 a.m. The third section follows immediately. Finally, as late as 6 a.m. the fourth section, filled with sleeping performers and executives, heads for "tomorrow's town," as circus folks identify it. This fourth section can arrive as late as 1 p.m. and give a smooth show.

The show itself clicks with a clocklike smoothness despite the fact that, unlike a clock, its component parts get drunk, catch cold, fall in love, get homesick, or toss temperamental tantrums.

Pat Valdo, a wise and gentle showman, is responsible for this smoothness. Pat has been with the circus since 1910. His name has an exotic sound but it's purely professional. He was baptized Pat Fitzgerald in upper New York State and looks like it.

Long, lean and genial, he apparently is well liked by his temperamental charges, both man and beast. He has an attentive ear for every complaint and a pat on the back for those who weep to him in a variety of languages.

He realizes that most of the performers are children at heart. "I hate to reprimand them," he explains. "No matter how gentle I am the girls always weep. Sometimes the men do, too. There is no happy medium with performers. They either break into sobs or want to stab you in cold blood."

The smoothly running performances testify that Pat's gentleness hides an iron will. The acts and the animals are always at hand at the right moment but never clutter up the entrance which is only 20 feet wide and indifferently lit. Everything is order, speed, and calmness whether one man is striding into the center ring or the giant spectacle is being unreel.

Three hundred people participate in this extravaganza. They appear on foot, horseback, atop elephants, in trucks and on wagons. This spectacle is so long that it runs into its own tail as

the leading end circles the arena and returns to the exit, which is also the entrance. Pretty equestriennes maneuver galloping steeds with one hand and tear at zippers with the other because there isn't much time for costume changes.

Out in the arena three rings are crowded, then emptied, then refilled. One whistle means "go into your closing trick." It is inviolate that every performer, be he mighty star or lowly clown, obey this signal. New European actors sometimes disobey this one whistle blast.

But discipline is swift and painful. Two blasts split the air and the band stops cold. Then the performer must finish without music. And when he finishes without music, his act, no matter how sensational, goes flat and there is no applause. Given the choice of obeying the whistle or foregoing applause the performer makes the easiest decision of his life.

The crew of riggers are masters of speed. They are also masters of rigging or a lot of talented people would be hurt. The prop men are a good show in themselves. The Ugos are a magnificent act of leapers but I found the prop men as exciting and expert. The Ugo act is climaxed by one of the men dashing the length of a 30-foot wooden runway and catapulting in a series of somersaults over the backs of six elephants. The runway is supported by sawhorses ten feet high.

As the leaper hurtled off the runway's end the prop men already had pulled down three of the sawhorses and the entire runway was down and gone before the actor had finished bowing. Such speed is the rule, but when it is impossible, the clowns come out. That's what clowns are for. To keep the show from having any waits.

Valdo is handed a list of injured or sick performers when he arrives 20 minutes before show time. He hastily makes necessary rearrangements in the schedule and sends word of the new setup to the acts concerned.

The animals are a worse problem. In Petersburg, Va., I stood with Pat and watched Schreiber's elephants, two brilliant pachyderms. They trotted placidly into position at the entrance. Suddenly they began to snort and paw and sway. I was ashamed of my fright until I realized that circus people

around me were just as upset. Circus people, as a rule, mistrust all elephants. Valdo ambled over to Schreiber and said, "What's the matter with your elephants?" Schreiber, hooking sharply at the mighty beasts to keep them in hand, answered over his shoulder. "They're crazy. It's the new acts and the new music."

Pat had been forced to switch the elephant act's spot on the bill. When the elephants had seen and heard unfamiliar things they became extremely unpleasant. The actors in the three rings went into their finish and in a minute were trotting off, giving the elephants plenty of room. The band went into the Schreiber music and the beasts calmed down with the first bar. They followed Schreiber docilely into the center ring and gave a perfect performance. Then they galloped gaily off into the back yard.

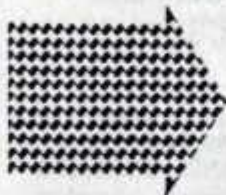
The back yard is clear of everybody except performers going to or coming from the arena during a show. Between performances it is gaudy and gay but rather unreal. From the heavy ropes supporting the Big Top flap multicolored ladies' lingerie hung out to dry. There are always a half dozen acts practicing, which means the ever present danger of being hit by a flying ball or a flying body. Youngsters of eight and ten are learning the business under the tutelage of parents and friends.

Chess and the radio are popular back-yard time-killers. I saw a dwarf seated at a table scribbling notes as he listened to a radio. I took him to be a horse player. I walked close and heard the voice of one of America's most noted radio commentators giving his reactions to Dean Acheson's latest moves. The dwarf was making notes of everything the commentator said. It would form the basis of a letter sent back home across the ocean.

Then I spotted a homely, American scene. A lady was hanging out the family wash. From the rear I could tell she was, at best, a middle-aged woman. She turned around and I saw a simple old cotton dress pinned at the neck with a safety pin. But her neck was powder white, her lips a flaming red the size of an apple, her nose was five inches long and her eyes were surrounded with sweeping lines of green. My simple housewife was also a lady clown.

It seemed about time for less exotic things so the Silver Wagon, right off the Midway, was the next stop. The wagon, a trailer with two desks, is the nerve center of the entire lot. It is General Manager

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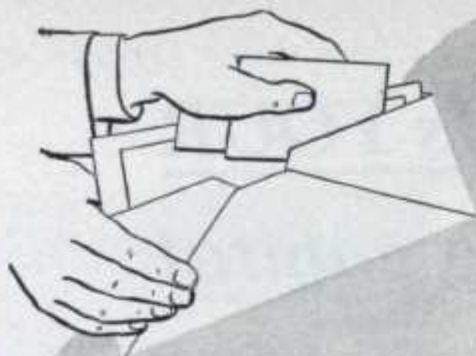
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Art Concello's office. Concello was relaxed, smiling, and happily chewing a cigar.

The top man under John Ringling North, he has a unique advantage over all of the 1,300 men and women who work for him. He is a better business man than any of them. And a better performer, too.

Concello has cut circus costs with a skilled and ruthless hand so he is something short of being the most popular man on the lot. But even his most ardent critics admit that, 1, Concello is the best general manager in the circus industry today and, 2, was the best "flyer" (aerialist) that ever lived and could be once again with 48 hours' training.

The 38-year-old custodian of the cashbox has a \$20,000 daily bill. That's what he must take in to break even. The 250 Big Top performers and the 70 in the side show are only a small part of the cost. Their pay ranges from \$60 a week up to the top act which draws \$1,000. But the railroads get \$500,000 annually; the food costs \$1,400 a day for 220 days; kids do \$30,000 worth of damage annually to the seats; and the insurance, since the Hartford fire of 1944, is staggering.

Concello has an auditing problem that would drive most general managers daffy. He spends \$20,000 a day and has no credit. It's cash on the barrelhead be it a \$10 claim for a dented fender or a \$1,600 bill for tractor tires.

The circus' 900-odd workers are a heavy expense, of course, and a touchy labor problem. The workers say they don't get Wage and Hour minimums. The circus claims it meets all basic requirements when food, lodging and transportation are recognized. A labor battle closed the circus in June, 1938, when it was in Scranton, Pa. The answer is in the nature of the "roustabout." He is to some extent a hobo but is the hardest working hobo in the world. Ringling gives a bonus of \$10 for every month a worker remains with the show provided he is on hand to collect it after the final performance in Miami, Fla. About 350 go on to Sarasota to work in winter quarters.

There are about 100 men in front of the show or in offices in New York, Sarasota, and Chicago, and all draw salaries. Forty days in front is the contractor who rents the circus lot and arranges for hay, grain, feed, and water for the animals. He also buys the necessary license and explains the problems of a circus to local traffic and pro-

tective authorities. The billing car, 50 men strong, comes in about two weeks in advance and plasters the area with posters. Then in quick succession come a ticket seller (seven days), the "story" men or press agents (four days) and the 24-hour man who really appears 48 to 72 hours in advance of show day. He checks on the arrangements made by the contractor and inspects the lot and has it mowed or drained or both.

In 1947, when Concello took over, there were more than 1,400 on the payroll. He lopped off 100 by inventing a seat wagon which also saved the circus three precious hours setting up and one tearing down. Cookhouse expenses were shaved by eliminating the three-choice meal. It became a single choice, or rather no choice at all. But it remained the best food buyable. In 1947, too, there were 107 cars transporting the circus. Last year there were 80. Circus folks are glumly aware that Concello would like to cut the train another ten or 20. Whatever cuts come will be made by more economical use of sleeping and storage space. The show itself will not shrink.

If pressed, the circus can crowd about 10,000 under the Big Top. But Concello shoots for his \$20,000 with 9,280 permanent seats of which about 7,000 sell for \$3 and the remainder for \$1.50. When the Korean war turned business sour in midseason, Concello absorbed all taxes. Business picked up and the circus did quite well in 1950. To be exact, it sold 3,179,000 tickets.

But it's a pity the 3,179,000 couldn't see the circus throw up 50 tons of canvas; move a city through the night; weave wild animals and mad humans into a clocklike unit. That is *really* the "greatest show on earth."



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ACME PHOTO

The big race: Marathoners starting the 26-mile grind to Boston



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Clarence De Mar competed for years with a heart murmur

THE true marathon racer will run until he drops. In the 1904 Olympic race, Bill Garcia collapsed in the fourteenth mile, and barely escaped death from internal hemorrhage. In 1908, Dorando Pietri collapsed four times within sight of the tape, yet managed to finish. His heart was later found to have been displaced a half-inch and his life was despaired of that night, but he lived. In 1912, Lazaro, champion of Portugal, ran himself into insensibility and died in the hospital. In 1924, three men fainted in the last 400 yards; a fourth was delirious as he reeled into the Olympic stadium and ran head-on into a concrete wall.

The first time the veteran American trackman, Joie Ray, tried the marathon, he found that asphalt roads were harder on the feet than cinder or boards had been. By the fifth mile his feet were blistered. For the last half of the race he left bloody footprints with every stride, but stayed the distance. Afterward his shoes had to be cut from his feet. But somehow those long hours in the public gaze, hearing his own

name in the mouths of everyone he passed, had gotten under Ray's skin. Two months later he was running in another marathon, and he kept on running in them for years.

Somehow this seems to be the distance—26 miles, 385 yards—for the middle-aged race fanatics and optimists who shrug at doctors' advice. One, Sidney Hatch, was told that each marathon would take ten years off his life; he ran 60 of them. Before the 1911 Boston event, doctors told Clarence De Mar, a legendary marathon runner, he had a dangerous heart murmur. "Drop out if you get tired," they warned. De Mar growled, "I don't know if it's possible to run a marathon without getting tired, but I've never done it." He won the race—and won it again in 1930, at the age of 40. Heart murmur and all, he stayed in marathons until he was 57.

In the 1938 Boston race, the throng at the finish line was dazed to see an 85-year-old runner with a white beard come jogging down the home stretch far ahead of every-

one else. His name was Peter Foley, and he had been running this annual race for more than 40 years. However, this time he wasn't the actual winner. He had run the distance, but had started two hours ahead of the official start. Ever since he was 55, when officials ruled him ineligible because of his age, he had been starting one minute after the recognized field and running his own private marathon. When at last, in his 80's, he found trouble keeping up, he began giving himself a liberal head start.

Most marathons are sponsored by athletic associations which hope to get more membership and prestige through the attendant publicity, or by civic groups which find that the crowds of spectators are good for trade. The crowds gather because the spectacle is free, because they know some of the runners, or perhaps partially because they are fascinated by the sight of men suffering and collapsing.

It costs next to nothing to sponsor a marathon. The usual system is to charge each runner \$1 entry fee. Since there are normally 100

Plain Man's Main Event

By KEITH MONROE

or more entries, this covers the cost of the silver cup for the winner and the bronze medals for also-rans. It also leaves a little for refreshment stations along the road, to dispense free lemons or water to runners who want it.

There is no rule against refreshing oneself, in any way deemed helpful, while one is running in a marathon. The route goes uphill and down, through towns and crossroads, on a paved highway, with judges' cars cruising the length of it and filling runners' nostrils with exhaust fumes and dust. Therefore most runners need refreshment. The average ones suck a lemon or throw water over their heads. Others prefer more unusual stimuli.

In 1904, T. J. Hicks of the U. S. swigged brandy during the early stages of the Olympic marathon; when the supply was exhausted his handlers fed him small doses of strychnine. He won.

Tom Longboat, old-time Indian champ, used to quaff champagne during races. Johnny "Cigar" Conners would flatfoot the 26 miles puffing cigars.

Unlike European distance runners, who train sternly all year around and therefore have beaten the best U. S. entries in Olympic marathons ever since 1908, the American marathoners usually don't bother much about conditioning.

As for the sort of roadwork and dieting that the Europeans undertake, the Americans see no percentage in it. Most of them already know they can jog along at a brisk pace for 26 miles, and that this feat will bring them sufficient attention and glory during the race; why should they invest months of practice on the 1-in-100 chance of winning?

Marathon victories seem to go to men who are born with the necessary staying power. How they prepare for the race apparently doesn't matter. Leslie Pawson devoured a one-pound steak, with a hamburger for chaser, just before the starting gun for the 1938 Boston race. He won. Pat Dengis won a Philadelphia marathon in 1935 after running a ten-mile race in Toronto two days earlier, then driving to Philadelphia the night before the race.

Kyriakides of Greece won the 1946 Boston marathon after flying from Athens for the race. He was a 33-year-old bill collector who had lived for years on the starvation rations of wartime Greece, covering his collection rounds in Athens on the double in order to save time



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Another Greek, Spiridon Loues, competed in the first revival of the marathon at the 1896 Olympics in Athens, and has been a legend ever since. He was a shepherd who had never seen a track meet. During the games he heard from wanderers in the hills that Greece's ancient glory was becoming a mockery; that not a single Greek had yet won an event in these revived games on native soil. Loues prepared himself by spending the two nights previous on his knees, praying. The day before the race he fasted.

When he trotted into the stadium, far ahead of the other runners from throughout the world, the crowd went insane. Ever since that day Loues, who is still living, has been fed by an Athens restaurateur, shaved by an Athens barber, and clothed by an Athens haberdasher—all free.

The original marathoner was the Greek soldier Phaidippides, who dropped dead after running from Marathon to Athens with news that the Persian invasion had been shattered, in 490 B.C.

The standard marathon distance of 26 miles, 385 yards came about when officials of the 1908 Olympic Games wanted to please the grandchildren of King Edward VII. The British officials started the race on the lawn of Windsor Castle so the royal children could see the fun. Somehow track and field dignitaries got the idea that the distance between the castle lawn and the London stadium was the proper distance, so it is still used.

The hazards of any modern marathon are unforeseeable. De Mar nearly collapsed during a Los Angeles marathon in 1930 when a man in a car threw a pail of ice water over him, screaming, "Hi, De Mar, I saw you run in Halifax!" K. K. McArthur almost lost the 1912 Olympic race when a jubilant official knocked him down by casting a huge evergreen wreath over his head as he entered the stadium. Lentauf did lose the 1904 race because he was chased a mile off course by an angry dog.

The excitement, the acclaim, the strain, and perhaps the chance to display endurance and courage far above those of ordinary mortals—all these magnets help pull a man into marathon running. At every big race there are gray-haired runners on the starting line, and balding ones, pot-bellied ones, pencil-legged ones. Size, shape, or age doesn't seem to count for much. This is the plain man's race, and its appeal is timeless.

Weed With A Cash Value

WHAT WE call a weed is sometimes a valuable plant whose worth we have not yet discovered, just as a homely girl may be a potential movie star whom nobody has yet observed from the right angle. Last year, California farmers made a \$1,000,000 crop out of a scrawny, scratchy thistle called safflower, because science at last had found out what it is good for.

Like many other cash crops, safflower has a long history as an ugly duckling. For centuries we called it "bastard saffron" because we knew nothing better to do with it than make an inferior reddish dye from its flowers. But our long-held contempt did not bother the safflower.

It went right on growing, producing in its seeds the oil we were too ignorant to value. A few years ago, chemists began to study the properties of that oil. What they found has turned the ugly thistle into a highly prized plant that already is giving the soybean a run for the money.

To the paint and varnish industry, safflower oil is a real discovery. It helps produce a white paint that won't turn yellow, enables a paint to hold its gloss, and wears better than paint made with some other oils. Its cost is competitive with other paint oils. For the West Coast manufacturer, safflower's great virtue is that it will grow in California, where soybeans will not.

Now that money can be made out of the thistle, ways are being sought to utilize its other properties. So far its only other value is the seed cake, which makes a protein livestock feed. Chemists also are studying the edible possibilities of the oil, and before long it may be competing with other vegetable oils for a place on the kitchen shelf.

Other agricultural scientists are trying to develop properties the thistle never knew it had. It is learning to make itself agreeable by getting rid of its thorns; it is building up resistance to its chief enemy, root rot. In the newer varieties, the oil content is up from around 20 to nearly 45 per cent.

Nowadays, no one so much as mentions "bastard saffron" in the presence of this new princess among the cash crops of the West.

—ROBERT BRITTAIN



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Why Do People Act That Way?

(Continued from page 36)

sight into the worker's intimate thinking. After some 20,000 interviews the research staff drew up five simple rules for getting people to talk. Try checking your own technique against them.

1. Listen to the speaker in a patient and friendly but intelligently critical manner.

2. Don't display any kind of authority.

3. Don't give advice or moral admonition.

4. Don't argue with the speaker.

5. Talk or ask questions only when necessary to help the other person talk, to relieve his anxieties, to praise him for reporting his thoughts or feelings accurately, or to veer the discussion to a neglected topic.

What it amounts to is learning how to listen. Looking back over your recent conversations, do the "I said's" outnumber the "he said's"? Instead of listening while the other fellow is talking, most of us formulate what we're going to say next—regardless.

"Collective monologue" is Cabot's name for this kind of conversation. His students are introduced to it in a report of an hour-long conversation between a young husband and wife, each wrapped up with his own problems. The dialogue is so typical and so normal that students puzzle over it before they finally decide what's wrong. "She doesn't listen to a word he says," is the usual response, thus revealing another stumbling block to clear thinking in the assumption that responsibility for listening falls exclusively on women. In this connection you can easily test your own listening faculty simply by trying to recall what your wife said to you the last time you spent an hour or so together.

"After all, he's human, isn't he?" you may try to reassure yourself about a person whose background is different from your own. The trouble is that humans are made, not born, and there are as many ways of being human as there are ways of life. You can't understand people or handle a situation in which they are involved unless you take into account the particular culture which molded their personalities and gave them their way of looking at things.

Certain ways of acting, thinking and feeling are so deeply impressed on each of us by our family and

cultural environment that we grow up thinking that our ways are natural to all mankind. Britishers are "affected" because they speak English with an English accent. Arabs are "barbarous" because they eat with their fingers. Latins are "lazy" because they take a two-hour siesta, and practically every other people on earth are "immoral" because their sexual mores differ from ours.

The differences among cultural groups within our own country are just as deep and important even though we're all "Americans." Rich and poor, black and white, eastern and western, pioneer stock and second generation, city and country, Catholic and Protestant, young and old—these are just a few of the broader divisions which become sharper and clearer as they narrow down to differences between the

"War has shown us that the way of monopoly and unrestricted power is a way that leads to destruction, desolation and death. The only path to prosperity and peace is the path of cooperation and human brotherhood."

—W. L. Mackenzie King

most basic of all social units—individual families.

Find out where a person feels he "belongs" and you have an important clue to the way he'll respond to almost any situation. His sense of belonging is important to him because it relates him to the world and protects him from unbearable isolation, uncertainty and loneliness. To preserve his sense of belonging he will gladly undergo hardships and generally behave in a manner that may strike you as unreasonable or unnatural unless you're aware of the personal values involved. You can confirm this in your own feelings of loyalty to your family, your country, business firm, church, and your particular status in life.

Few people ever change their particular status in life, even though most of the present generation are far better off and better educated than their parents and grandparents. Though changes occur within a given social stratum there is little movement by indi-

viduals from one stratum to another.

A man's ambitions are pretty much determined by the status he grows up to feel is his own. A New York City detective once told me about a pickpocket who walked into the police station and gave himself up. For years he'd lived, so to speak, from hand to mouth, snatching purses containing no more than a few small bills and some change. Then one day he lifted a wallet containing more than \$5,000. A few days later he voluntarily turned it all over to the police. "This is out of my class," he said. "It like to made me a nervous wreck."

A sweepstakes winner or a farmer who becomes an oil millionaire overnight faces much the same problem of personal adjustment. At some time or other almost everybody has wished he had a million dollars. What most of us really want is only enough to make us more secure in the social position we happen to occupy.

One of the commonest mistakes we make in sizing up other people is to judge them by our own set of values rather than by their own. One of the cases studied at Harvard was a detailed account of 25 years in the life of Carl Michaelson, Jr., a World War I veteran who failed to live up to his parents' expectations, married "beneath him" and begot a large number of children he was barely able to support.

"He's a weakling," most students decide. "He should have buckled down, got a good job and made something of himself."

It takes a lot of discussion before it's realized that neither Michaelson nor his wife are the least bit interested in financial success. They apparently enjoy their children and have a happier family life than their parents and most of their acquaintances.

A student comes up with the suggestion that maybe Michaelson wasn't such a weakling after all. And why did the student think so in the first place? "Because I was brought up that way," he admits. Cabot feels this student has taken a great step: he has learned he can still believe just as hard in "getting ahead" without feeling that everyone else must share his values to make them valid for himself.

One problem that pops up constantly in Human Relations classes is how to be a follower without servility and how to be a leader without despotism. From childhood each of us both courts authority and resists it. We need our parents for the love and protection they

give us and our particular gang or set to relate us to the world and make us feel we "belong." At the same time we want to assert our individuality by acting on our own.

Growing up is largely a process of making our own decisions and accepting the responsibility rather than depending on outside authorities to run our lives for us. We want to eat our cake and have it too—to make our own decisions but still put the blame for the wrong ones on someone else. We yearn for independence but dread its possible consequences.

The way you feel about authority seems to depend a good deal on the way you were brought up. People who never learned the rough give-and-take of childhood usually cling to some authority in adult life, as they used to cling to their parents. They tend to resist change because they have never learned to cooperate with others to bring it about. They're anxious about the danger of things getting out of hand, feel that people left to themselves can only do wrong. They feel happy and sure of themselves only when they are taking orders from a higher authority and giving orders to their subordinates.

To such people things are apt to appear black or white, wholly good or wholly bad, not just in relation to a particular situation but absolutely, intrinsically and for all time. As with Communists or Nazis, you're either "for" them or you're "against" them.

In class discussions Human Relations students discover to their dismay that each of them at some time or other indulges in such either-or kind of thinking. The less they understand the human factors involved in a test situation the more authoritarian is their reaction. Certain characters in the case histories are "crazy" or "just no good" and "ought to be forced" to think or act in a certain way. Gradually, some students (but by no means all) discover that instead of trying to *make* people do something, it's a lot more effective to make them *want* to do it by giving meaning and purpose to the desired act.

During the past half century we've concentrated on scientific knowledge to help win the battle of man against nature. But the struggle of man against man can be resolved only through human wisdom—and in this we've made little if any progress. If courses like Harvard's Human Relations can make even the smallest dent on human cussedness, more power to them.

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He Runs Everything Except Tugboats

(Continued from page 44)

He was a logical choice when suburban Yonkers, N. Y., an industrial city of 160,000 and a \$4,000,-000 educational budget, needed a man to rehabilitate a school system run down by the dislocations of war following on the meager depression years.

Ben tore into the job with every ounce of know-how acquired from those small-town assignments. Inside 30 days, Yonkers says, he was thoroughly broken in and knew more about their town than most people who had lived there all their lives.

When he submitted his first carefully sifted list of new teacher appointments, a member of the Board of Education as yet unaware that a new wind was blowing, said in effect, these names are probably O.K., but some of us may have other names we'd like to see appointed.

"Appoint anybody you like," said Ben Willis, without raising his voice. "But if their names aren't from that list, your next piece of business will be looking for another superintendent." He got away with it. He prefaced final action on budgets with Board meetings open to the public—an innovation that Yonkers found first startling and then admirable. Before his three years of office were over, reporters covering such hearings noted with pleased amusement how, though the taxpayers still had plenty of beefs, they had completely changed from "Why do you spend so much money?" to "Why don't you ask for more?"

Willis got Yonkers big-time expert advice from the faculties of Harvard and Columbia Universities. He organized a rehabilitation team to go from run-down school to run-down school painting scabby walls, replacing broken windows, stopping roof leaks. He squeezed down overhead, spoke in synagogues, churches, service clubs, gingered up the local parent-teachers associations, reduced the proportion of kids dropping out of high school. But what Yonkers most loved was his way of briefing architects:

When new school plans were forming, he called in not only teacher, parent and pupil committees to sit down with the architects and say why-not-do-it-this-way—which was itself revolutionary—but also a delegation of the jani-

tors who would have to make the new buildings work when completed. As they puffed on the cigars passed out, they had plenty to say and a lot of it made sense. Nothing could better have dramatized the common-sensical, team-minded Willis approach.

The Buffalo offer meant a raise in salary from \$14,000 to \$18,000 and the irresistible challenge of a major city. The first Sunday after Willis took over last fall was a beautiful day and the president of the Board of Education politely telephoned to suggest driving him round scenic points of interest.

"Maybe I could get a look at some schools," said Willis with enthusiasm. The president got home well after dark, having chauffeured 65 miles of Buffalo streets from one school to another to another. Apparently what enables Willis to work himself like Simon Legree is his passionate fascination with his job. He eats, drinks, sleeps and dreams schools.

A loose-leaf binder of the basic charts and figures on the Buffalo

"Only the productive can be strong and only the strong can be free."

—Wendell Willkie

school system goes with him day and night. Theoretically, he likes fishing and can give himself any vacations he wants within reason. Actually that long summer "vacation" that his teachers use for further training or travel is his chosen time for laying plans and training administrative cadres, and he honestly cannot remember when he last took sizable time off from his profession-job-hobby.

Not all his omens are good. Buffalo has not seen a new school in 19 years and war may well mean shortages crippling any conceivable building program. The city is within a few thousands of its debt-limit anyway. Low pay had teacher morale low, highlighted by a widespread teachers' strike in 1947. Many Buffalonians, not all school people either, had preferred promoting a local man to calling in an outsider.

Savvy is Ben's weapon against all that. In addition to specialized expertise in vocational training,

keeping kids in school and overhead reduction, he is above all a wizard at lubricating human contacts. He admits that he has found some people he couldn't get on with here and there: "But I can count 'em on the fingers of my left hand."

Last September Buffalo school employes gaped with amazement when they saw the door giving direct access to the superintendent's office standing wide open. This open door policy, inviting any teacher, clerk, custodian or reporter to sit down and thresh it out, proved up in Hagerstown and Yonkers and has a fine start in Buffalo. Not that Ben lets callers waste his time. The troubled parent is speedily referred to the office handling his special problem. But in the meantime he has come welcomingly from behind his desk to shake hands, put searching questions good-naturedly and left a lasting impression of capability and personal interest.

Small-time informality fits into it all neatly. The Willis desk lacks that elegant two-pen set customary on the desks of men with salaries in five figures. He uses the fountain pen out of his vest pocket and rips his own mail with a busy thumb, right down to the second-class advertising. One of his first official acts was to rip out the intercom system. Associate superintendents now found themselves staring at informal memos from the boss, ending:

"Think this over and let me know when I ought to drop into your office and discuss it with you."

Many a man with Willis' job would insist—and rightly—on a good assistant in public relations. But nobody he could hire would do as spontaneous and effective public relations as Ben himself. One newspaperman calls him "a reporter's dream." One of his first steps was to visit the managing editors of all Buffalo dailies and, to their courteously puzzled inquiries what they could do for him, answer:

"Oh, nothing. But I'm new here and I thought I ought to come around and get acquainted."

And, since a smart public relations man knows the emphasis goes on public, Willis' engagement pad shows a string of lunches, dinners, evening meetings, often double or triple decked, that would stagger Mrs. Roosevelt or a popular college girl home for the holidays. In November, as a sample month, he somehow foregathered with the officers of a big commercial bank; Rotary; the High School Teachers' Association; ten parent-teachers

associations; the Elementary Assistant Principals' Association; the officers of local savings banks; the local Historical Society; the American Legion; the School of the Air of Western New York; the Women's Civic Clubs of South Buffalo; the Men's Association of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church; a dinner of home economics teachers; the Women Teachers' Association . . . and that was a short month, due to the Thanksgiving holiday and a trip to New York for the annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association.

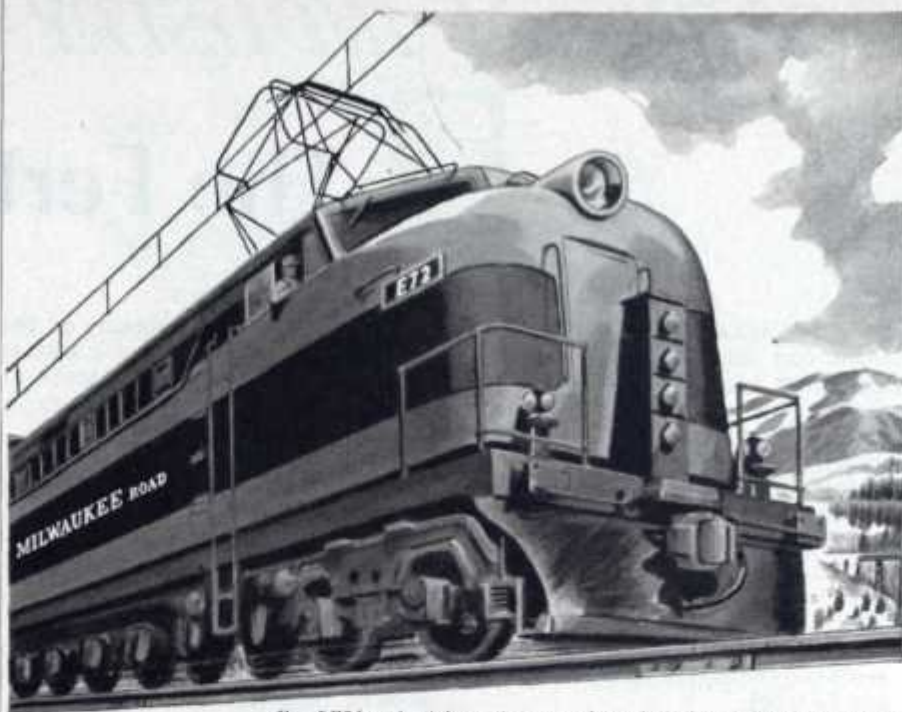
Ben is no ball-of-fire orator, preferring to speak persuasively for a few minutes and then ask for the questions that he enjoys more than formal sounding off. But he gets across. The man who obtains talent for the University of Buffalo's television round table gave me an explanation for the fact he has scheduled Ben Willis three times in less than five months:

"He's not sensational," he admitted. "But as an idea-man to keep the discussion alive, he is very, very reliable."

To survive at all, of course, he must lean on the good administrator's ability to consult staff and delegate responsibility, merely making sure that the delegate has the issues keenly in mind before he says: "O.K., now you take it over and let me know how you make out." But this is inescapably a one-man show. Not being superhuman, he gets tired. Before he injects into a discussion a momentarily jarring but eventually constructive bit of experienced realism, his hands come up to his face in a weary, wiping, rubbing gesture that unmistakably spells fatigue. But in the next split second he is talking easily and clearly, with no hint of strain in his voice.

Buffalo—and Mrs. Willis—naturally worry about him. But at that, he has been beating himself up for years without severe penalty. His right-hand man in Yonkers recalls with significant glee how often the phone would ring late and it was the boss saying "Fred, I got an idea, come over and we'll kick it around." Around 3:30 a.m. sardines and crackers would refuel them. It might be 4:30 before wifely protests over the phone would finally break it up.

In the military maxim the good officer never tells a man to do anything that the man knows he wouldn't willingly do himself. So Mrs. Willis will probably grow more and more expert in dishes that keep hot without spoiling.



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ACORNS OF INDUSTRY



The Fertilizer Story

DOWN BELOW the Mason-Dixon Line, the hard-bitten farm folks are eatin' higher on the hog these days. There are more meats and fresh vegetables to relieve the traditional diet of fat back and grits. The Sunday chicken is fatter and juicier. The kids, nourished by more milk and greens, are growing up healthier, without the threat of rickets and pellagra that plagued generations before them. The mules, too, are sleeker and better fed and seemingly downright willing to work.

A similar metamorphosis has been developing in the rural areas of the Northeast. And in the mid-western breadbasket of the country there is greater and growing abundance.

All this might appear futile in view of current political palaverings about farm surpluses and subsidies. Nevertheless, a nation's well-being still is measured by how well it can feed itself.

Chiefly responsible for this continuing surge of prosperity is the burgeoning, little publicized fertilizer-processing industry which will do a business approaching the \$1,000,000,000-mark this year. This big turnover, effected with a total capitalization of about \$500,000,000, marks the uncrowded industry as one of big opportunity requiring relatively small capital.

Curiously, the implement of this new abundance is an offshoot of the famine and death of battlefields. It is one great good that came on the ill winds of World War I. The story in one word: Nitrogen.

Literally as free as the air, nitrogen is a thing for which wars have been fought, and has itself fought great wars. It is vital to the fertility of the earth that nourishes and to the potency of explosives.

Nitrogen composes 78 per cent of the air by volume, but it cannot be used in its free state. It must be "fixed" to other matter and used in compounds such as sodium nitrate, ammonium sulfate, ammonium nitrate, or urea. Twenty-two million tons of atmospheric nitrogen rest on each square mile of the earth and one of the

tougher scientific problems of the past century was finding a way to extract it from the air and combine it with other elements cheaply enough for practical use.

Though World War I with its demand for explosives established the enormous importance of nitrates, their use as fertilizers goes back to prehistoric times. The principles involved, however, were unknown for centuries. Man first observed that dead plants and animals, and animal waste, when plowed into the ground improved its productivity. This is because



American Indians used to put a fish in each corn hill

various soil bacteria are able to fix the nitrogen from decaying plant and animal matter with other elements and produce complicated compounds which new plants require. It is an endless cycle: animals and plants dying to feed the soil, which in turn feeds new animals and plants.

For thousands of years the fertilizer business consisted chiefly of collecting and spreading manure, a prime source of nitrogen. The

manure pile was the peasant's bank account. However, its value multiplied when man discovered explosives could be made from the saltpeter of decaying vegetable matter.

Our early settlers, with land for the taking, thought little about soil improvement, but history relates an odd practice of the Indians, who planted a fish in each hill of corn. Hocus-pocus, the pioneers thought, yet the practice produced results. Of course, it is known now that decomposition of the fish released the nitrogen content of the flesh and the phosphorus of the bones.

The East, first to be settled, also was first to feel the pinch when crops failed in soil made sterile by neglect. But the rugged Yankee farmers just pushed westward to new land. Since cotton consumes a great deal of nitrogen, the South also was hit hard. In time the rest of the American agricultural areas felt the paralysis of soil sterility.

Before it was fully realized, soil depletion and erosion had ruined 50,000,000 acres of cropland and damaged as much again. The total equals all the arable land of Germany and France, from which populations almost equal to that of the United States must be fed.

George Washington's diaries mention the first American experiments with commercial fertilizers, but little was accomplished until the nineteenth century. Early in the 1800's the great island deposits of sea bird guano were discovered off the coast of Peru. Two barrels of the stuff, rich in soil essentials, reached Baltimore in 1824 and imports hit 50,000 tons a year by 1850. In that year the fertilizer industry became a going business with the establishment of the first American mixing plant in Baltimore, which still is the world's largest center of superphosphate manufacture.

Coincident with the guano discovery, vast deposits of sodium nitrate were revealed in the western Bolivian and southern Peruvian desert. In 1879 Chile went to war and seized the entire region. By 1912, about 35 American and European companies were mining the

ore and a great struggle for control raged between such titans as Germany's Farbenindustrie and the American Guggenheims. Governments rose and fell in Chile and cartel followed cartel among the competing giants.

Most countries depended on Chilean nitrate for many years, both for explosives and fertilizer, but by 1880 the French and Germans were extracting ammonia from coke oven gases and making cheap fertilizer of it by bubbling it through sulphuric acid. In the United States a process was developed for extracting nitrogen from the air and combining it with calcium carbide. A more successful one, the Haber-Bosch process, was perfected in Germany by 1913 and through it most major nations had become self-sufficient in nitrates by World War II.

Uncle Sam went into the nitrate-fertilizer business in World War I days with the huge Muscle Shoals plant in Alabama and is continuing through the Tennessee Valley project. But the great bulk of production of components—as distinguished from the mixing and distribution industry—is in the hands of big private concerns such as du Pont, American Cyanamid, Allied Chemicals & Dye, Mathieson Alkali, Hercules, Military Chemicals, Lion Oil, Commercial Solvents and others.

Educating the farmer in the use of commercial fertilizers has been a tough job despite federal and state experiments proving that a ton of fertilizer will produce, for example, any of these: 125 bushels of corn, two bales of cotton, 185 bushels of potatoes, 8,000 pounds of milk, 1,000 pounds of beef, 85 bushels of wheat or 700 bushels of apples. And that, it is emphasized, is done with a reduction rather than an increase in labor, machinery and other costs.

Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium are the basic elements of the fertilizer industry and we are abundantly supplied with all three. Yet, in the face of great production increases through their use, the United States ranks low in scientific soil replenishment.

Writing off the 100,000,000-acre loss through depletion and erosion, we still harvest 360,000,000 acres. Of these, 90,000,000 acres are chemically treated. The resultant crop increase is about 25 per cent of our total.

But commercial fertilization is just hitting its stride. Fatter livestock, more meat, better grains and vegetables are to come.

—PETER J. WHELIHAN

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It Had Better Be Your Job

(Continued from page 38)

ice. Perhaps it would have been better to keep the mechanical wizards on mechanical work, and the long-service men on the work they did best. Many foremen are made on Friday night—when a vacancy has to be filled and the best mechanic or the oldest and steadiest worker seems to be the natural choice.

That works out all right—if the new appointee is able to check out of the production trade on Friday night and into the business of being an executive on Monday morning.

Let's consider the requirements of a foreman. Primarily he is (or should be) a department manager, the top level's representative at the operating level. He plans the flow of work, assigns people to get it done, requisitions materials, sees that equipment is in good working order, keeps departmental records and makes reports, gets the first crack at complaints as they arise, and in general handles personnel and the personal problems of his people—all this within the framework of his company's established way of doing things. Does your best mechanic qualify?

Confronted with a need for foremen to supervise the work of a suddenly enlarged force, Merrill Young, then personnel director and now a vice president of the Cleveland Graphite Bronze Company, told his operating men: "All the foremen you are going to get are working for you now."

He asked each supervisor to suggest three or four men in his department who might, considering all the necessary qualifications, make good foremen. Candidates were enrolled in a supervisory training course, which created a pool of foremen talent that filled each opening as it came up.

At the Warner and Swasey Company, war sent the work force up to 6,000 from less than 1,000. The need for foremen was the equivalent of nearly half the pre-expansion total.

As part of the expansion projection, Warner and Swasey officials invited production people then on the payroll to sign up for a supervisory development program. About 60 per cent requested enrollment. Each of these was the subject of extensive study. The candidate's general balance was examined through his church, lodge, social and civic activities. Supervisors' opinions were weighed, along with records and tests.

This information was tabulated, and each of the applicants was considered by a management committee. Candidates were enrolled in the supervisory program on the basis of all their qualifications.

At Thompson Products, Inc., the personnel staff developed information files on all employees who appeared to have managerial potential. Selections for supervisory training were made from among these.

Percentage of on-the-job failure in all these plants was surpris-



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ingly low. In all three great emphasis was placed on well rounded ability.

Programs in all three plants included training in how to instruct a man or woman to do a job, how to handle personnel problems, how to take the waste motion out of an operation, also shop mathematics, blueprint reading, company policy, forms and procedures, and other material suited particularly to each of the operations.

Today the United States cannot afford the luxury of wasteful use of manpower. Good personnel administration—better training is one phase of it—should increase the efficiency of manpower use in manufacturing industries by ten per cent. That's the same thing as finding another 1,500,000 workers.

In Cleveland that would mean 25,000 men and women—equal to total employment in that city's electrical machinery industry.

In metropolitan Philadelphia it would equal 80 per cent of the 65,000 persons employed in that area's textile and knitting industries.

In Seattle it would supply enough people to step up that port city's land, sea and air transportation equipment production by 25 per cent.

Perhaps you need a job-training program in your business. Don't think of it as a commendable practice that can't do any harm, and might do some good. Nor is it a matter of squeezing a lot of men into classroom chairs to listen to lectures of little interest to them. Nor is it a fanfare of prize contests.

Training is a specific. It is a rifle, not a shotgun. It must be designed to impart knowledge systematically about the company involved and its operations right down to how to do a certain job. It must be designed to implant necessarily related skills, and background information for better understanding.

If you are expanding, you need someone to coordinate training in your own business. Chances are such a man would be well worth while in your plant whether you are expanding or not.

Experienced training directors are not easy to find. But you may have an excellent trainer already with you, on some other job. Remember, to get up in front of your employes and harangue them is not the major part of the training man's job. His work is planning and administration, finding the need for training, and having it done.

For example, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft had to staff a new plant at Kansas City, Mo., in 1943 which



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was close to the wartime employment peak. Its training department arranged to hire 300 potential supervisors and technicians and set up an intensive training program for them at the main plant in the East. A few months later a vestibule school was established in Kansas City with a number of the original 300 as instructors. Here technicians, group leaders, and operators were trained and sent to the newly opened plant.

At a recent gathering of training directors conversation disclosed that more than half of them had had teaching experience. But there are exceptions. Fred S. Laffer of the Cleveland Graphite Bronze Company, and president of the American Society of Training Directors, was in the insurance business prior to World War II. C. A. McBride of the Osborn Manufacturing Company and secretary of the Society was a professional musician.

Cloyd Steinmetz, much in demand as a writer and speaker on personnel and training subjects, now with The Reynolds Metals Company, Louisville, Ky., was a chamber of commerce executive. Donald Donker of the American Seating Company of Grand Rapids, Mich., a graduate engineer, was formerly superintendent of inspection for the company. William Clymer, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, East Hartford, Conn., came to his company as a personnel counselor early in the war years.

You may find a training director almost anywhere. If you want one already trained, you might contact the American Society officials.

But whatever you do, don't conclude that: "These job training ideas are all right. But my business is different."

That often-heard remark starts training men talking to themselves. They agree that business and operations differ widely, but the principles involved are pretty much the same.

They agree that intelligent selfishness points to the wisdom of a common sense training program—not too elaborate, and not too elemental—one which will take the by-guess and the by-gosh out of breaking in, transferring, and upgrading the employees. They believe that the training program needs the same care and thought in its introduction as does job evaluation, inventory control, a time study program, a wage incentive plan, or any other specialized branch of business administration. Training needs just that—no more and no less.

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When Surgeons Go to Work

(Continued from page 45)

nurse and the circulating nurse. They go about their business in an amazingly relaxed manner. For them, it is routine.

It dismays you at first that nobody in the operating room appears to feel any personal concern for the patient. But he is relaxed, too, as a rule. When he is wheeled in, his fears are pretty well lost in morphine or other sedatives which often cause him to doze—until, as one patient protested, "They woke me up to put me to sleep."

IN ABOUT half of the operations these days, the anesthetist starts the patient on sodium pentothal. This drug, injected into a vein, puts you to sleep, beyond all pain, in 45 to 60 seconds. It will hold you there for operations taking up to an hour, sometimes longer.

The type of anesthesia used depends on your "curve of reflex irritability," or excitability, plus the depth and duration of unconsciousness desired. It is now customary to use various drugs in a balanced blend—"like a tossed salad," explained one anesthesiologist.

Curare produces muscular relaxation, and atropine reduces mucous secretions and keeps the lungs and throat clear. One of the oldest, ether is still regarded as the safest all-around general anesthetic, but now it is usually blended with nitrous oxide and oxygen.

Many abdominal operations are performed with various sedatives plus a spinal anesthetic, usually Novocain. Injected in various regions of the spine, it will block all sensation in the lower extremities as high up as the stomach. In all cases, the aim is a smooth operation and few if any after effects.

Sentiment aside, it is desirable that every member of the team forget you as a fellow human being and approach you in a detached, objective manner.

The anesthetist sits at the patient's head, operating the inhalation machine and charting pulse, respiration, blood pressure and the depth of anesthesia throughout the operation.

With his head screened off and body covered, the patient tends to disappear from sight as attention focuses on the surgical field—a small flesh-and-blood area bordered by green or blue or yellow towels and sharply illuminated by

the giant spotlight overhead. Colored towels are substituted for white to reduce the glare of the overhead lights.

The rubber-gloved hands move in and out of this field in changing rhythm, quick, deft and again slow and rigidly disciplined. The surgeon lays open the operating site with one stroke of his scalpel, but after that, cuts daintily, gently exploring ahead with his free hand.

The axiom is, "The better the surgeon, the bigger the incision"—within reasonable limits, of course. The onetime fad of "buttonhole incisions" proved nothing but the fact that the operating surgeon had a needlessly difficult time either feeling or seeing what he was doing.

The first assistant's hands follow behind the surgeon's, clamping and tying off blood vessels as rapidly as they begin to trickle. The wound remains clean and dry; you see no well of blood.

The second assistant holds the retractors, strips of polished steel bent in various hooks and curves. They are pressed against the edges of the incision, to give the surgeon a clear visibility as deep as he goes.

IN A MAJOR operation, the scrub nurse at her tray beside the surgeon may slap as many as 20 or 30 instruments into the hand he stretches toward her, usually without looking up. He may call for "Kelly clamp," "Ochsner clamp" or "Volkmann retractor"—all named for the doctors who devised them. But the expert scrub nurse is a joy to watch as she anticipates his course, selects the correct instruments and raps each smartly in his palm before he can speak.

On the rare occasion when she may fumble in threading a needle, he may razz her with one or another of the standard operating room cracks—"You should go to bed nights" or "We like to get our patients closed before they begin to heal."

The climax arrives when the surgical specimen—the hernial sac, appendix or gall bladder—is tied off, cut free and lifted out with forceps. Then the hands join in sewing back together the various layers severed—the peritoneum, the fascia, subcutaneous fat and skin. The stitches, sewed with catgut, silk or cotton thread, are neat and the knots tied tightly. In the

end, the long, thin, even scarline becomes the surgeon's signature on a job well done, though it is no measure, of course, of the work inside.

On a topnotch surgical team each member learns his or her job individually. The scrub nurse—she got the name not from scrubbing floors but her hands, just as the surgeon does—is in charge of the instruments and maintenance of a sterile operating field. Let any instrument drop to the floor or an ungloved hand touch a towel or suture and she will discard it.

The circulating nurse's job is to assist the scrub nurse and wait on the doctors. She also removes all contaminated articles for sterilization. What is left inside the patient is the basis for some old jokes, but accounting for gauze pads and sponges is no gag to her. The incision cannot be closed until she announces, "The sponge count is correct."

THE SURGEON usually has a good idea of what he will find at the site of the trouble, but sometimes he is surprised. In such cases, he has to make up his mind on the spot.

For example, a department store executive had pain and swelling in his upper right abdomen. X-ray studies indicated a deformity of the stomach. The surgeon first thought part of this organ might have to be removed. The mass on the right side was diagnosed as an inflamed gall bladder and the operation was so scheduled—"cholecystectomy."

When the patient was opened up, however, it was found that the stomach deformity was caused by the gall bladder adhering to the stomach wall and the swelling actually was caused by cancer of the colon. He kept the stomach but lost his gall bladder and in addition a great part of his colon, this unexpected "colectomy" being necessary to save his life. He is alive and well today, more than five years later.

One of the greatest misconceptions is that surgeons operate with lightning speed. Sixty or 70 years ago, when about one of every four patients died after a major operation, this was generally true. The surgeon worked fast to spare his patient from the shock of long anesthesia and much loss of blood.

These days, hurry is regarded as a hazard. The surgeon works calmly and carefully, often discussing the case with his assistants as he goes along and if need be, calling in the hospital pathologist to look at suspicious tissues. He

can snap out an appendix in a half hour, but he will take an hour or so for a hernia, one to two hours for a gall bladder operation and two to four hours for a stomach or intestinal operation.

Happily, the need for a large number of emergency operations is passing. Today, a case of intestinal obstruction, acute gall bladder infection, ruptured appendix or even a perforated stomach ulcer usually is not regarded as a matter of life and death.

For this, the surgeon and his patients can thank a team much bigger than his own—medical science itself. It is the pharmacologists and physiologists who in the past 15 years have refined the old dripping ether can to a level where anesthesiology is a fullfledged specialty in itself. The anesthesiologist can give the surgeon all the time he needs, plus a wide margin of safety for the patient.

The use of germ-killing antiseptics and steam sterilization of instruments and dressings are, of course, standard practice in the elimination of wound infection. It was only in the past decade, however, that biochemistry yielded the sulfa drugs and the antibiotics such as penicillin and streptomycin, all but wiping out the risk of fatal infection from germs already present in the body.

PERHAPS the most fundamental of all contributions to surgical survival came from physiology and its growing knowledge of the body's vital fluid balance. Of the many fluids now given under the anesthesiologist's supervision, whole blood heads the list in the surgeon's triumph over shock. The rule for pulling the patient through was learned the hard way, in the treatment of the wounded during World War II—"Give whole blood when blood is lost."

The availability of hospital blood banks and the prevention of transfusion reactions through refinements in processing and typing, some say, constitute the greatest advance in radical surgery since Dr. Emil Kocher invented his hemostat for clamping off bleeding vessels.

No longer does a blood transfusion signify the patient is in critical condition but usually quite the opposite. One large hospital that I visited uses a pint of blood for every two operations, or as many as 3,500 pints a year.

Little blood is lost, and hence needed, in the average appendix or hernia case. But it may be one to three pints in a stomach or in-

testinal operation. This blood is replaced, with an extra pint or two for good measure.

In the massive, radical operations for advanced cancer the patient's entire blood volume of 12 to 14 pints may be replaced. I watched a New Orleans surgeon do a three-hour operation—the removal of a lung badly damaged by tuberculosis from a man, 46, in which six pints of blood were used.

The opening of the chest, involving cutting through the ribs, is a tremendous undertaking. At one point, the surgeon punctuated the fact with the comment, "You have to have a weak mind to go into chest surgery and a strong back to stay in it."

Toward the finish, he invited me to look in and see the man's heart beating. It didn't seem possible that the patient could live through it all. However, he went on to recover.

IN A BROADER sense, the entire hospital is on the surgeon's team—the radiologist whose X-ray findings guide him to the trouble and the clinical pathologist who provides a whole series of laboratory tests and in the end examines the tissue removed.

The preparation of a patient for an operation sometimes takes several days or even weeks. Chronic infections must be found and treated, anemic blood must be fortified. Physical weakness must be overcome.

In the event of intestinal obstruction or gas distention, the Miller-Abbott tube and Wangenstein suction device can work wonders. Passed through a nostril and down into the stomach or small intestine beyond, it relieves pain and tension.

When an operation is over, recovery is speeded by getting the patient up and about the first day after surgery if possible, or at least by the second or third day. It has been found that his stitches can take this activity far better than he can stand bedfast inactivity.

There is one member of the surgical and hospital team who may not be present in the operating room. He is your family doctor, the man who sends you to the surgeon. He may be a general practitioner or an internist, a specialist in internal medicine. A good family doctor and a good surgeon provide the balanced judgment you want when you face the possibility of an operation. Both know that surgery should begin only where the healing power of nature and medicines end.

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New Quest for the Bluebird

(Continued from page 39)

at a bird if it stared them in the face?

For an answer to this question let's go to Roger Tory Peterson, famed bird artist. Peterson says that Americans are taking up the hobby in wholesale numbers "as an antidote for the disillusionment of the postwar world."

He advocates bird-watching as a help in combating the fashionable neuroses of our times. He does not however, recommend birds as a substitute for the psychiatrist in extreme cases.

"It all depends on how great your problem is," he said recently. "Beyond a certain point even the birds can't help you."

But to those who feel at odds with their environment; who feel a little jumpy; who get tired trying to figure out modern existence or to those who just want to relax, Peterson says: "Take up bird-watching."

Whatever the reason, a lot of people are taking it up. Usually a man hears friends discussing birds in knowing terms. He tries to join the conversation by describing some bird he has seen and asking them its name. He finds that his description is vague and he begins to wonder if he saw it at all. He accepts an invitation to go out on a birding expedition. He finds his friends identifying birds at incredible distances. He is dismayed. The feathery creatures all look pretty much alike to him. His friends are tolerant of his ignorance and patiently point out the difference and identifying characteristics, called field marks.

He learns to recognize a few common birds on sight. If, at this point, he begins to get the spirit of the game he is well on the way to becoming a confirmed watcher. He begins to take walks, carrying binoculars and a guide. Soon he is keeping lists of the various species he sees. By now he can be considered a true member of the fraternity.

Keeping lists of the species observed is part of the game. Watchers keep a day list, noting the birds seen on any one day; a year list, recording those seen in the course of the calendar year; and a life list, which includes all the species seen in the watcher's lifetime.

Some of these lists are phenomenal. Guy Emerson, retired banker, who has been watching

birds for 50 years, once ran up a record year list. His business and vacation trips took him to almost every section of the United States. Every chance he got he would dash off into the field with some local enthusiast. In that year Emerson saw and identified 674 species and subspecies of birds.

In writing of this feat and of bird-watching in general, he said, "No interest I know of can do so much to keep eyes and ears keen and to keep a man's legs under him—perhaps the best preventive for premature old age."

Emerson figured out from official lists that there are 591 species and 497 subspecies of birds that may be found in the United States. The list is never complete because lonely wanderers from other lands

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always are showing up and rarities are blown in from the sea.

Bird-watching can be carried on anywhere. Some people set up a feeding station outside their window and confine most of their ornithological activities to watching the birds that come to it. At the other extreme are those who take long trips to far places just to add a few species to their life list.

There is one group that carries on its activities in the shadows of Manhattan's skyscrapers. They are business men, including a member of the New York Stock Exchange, who go to work early each morning and check Trinity Churchyard and City Hall Park for birds before the Exchange opens. Over a three-year period this group spotted 62 species of wild birds in those little green islands in the big city. They spend less than an hour looking each morning but, if City Hall Park looks good in the morning, they grab a sandwich at noon and hurry back for another 20 minutes of spotting.

One of their exciting moments came when they saw an olive-backed thrush and a gray-cheeked thrush on the same tombstone in Trinity Churchyard, a rare sight at the foot of Wall Street. Another morning they saw 40 northern yellowthroats at City Hall.

In June, 1948, they studied a strange bird for four days but still couldn't identify it. Finally they went to the American Museum of Natural History and checked over bird skins. Their stranger turned out to be a yellow-cheeked grassquit, a Caribbean bird that is not supposed to migrate at all. What it was doing in Manhattan is still a mystery.

There is always a chance that some rare bird may turn up during a trip. These strays and casuals add zest to the sport. They represent to the birder what the 300 game does to the bowler and what the hole-in-one does to the golfer. The true bird-watcher wants his fellows to share in such triumphs. If an unusually rare bird is spotted, word is spread around among amateur ornithologists and they hotfoot it to the spot in hopes of seeing the bird before it has departed.

These rarities often mean adding another species to the life lists of local birders. One question frequently asked is: "How are they able to identify these rare birds?"

To get the answer you have to go out in the field with an expert. They not only know most species by sight but can identify many of them by their songs. Peterson, for example, knows the full songs of birds and also their chip notes, those little chirps and squeaks that you hear coming from thickets. If a bird chirps behind Peterson's back he can usually call out its name. Ludlow Griscom, another great bird man, can identify hundreds of specimens just by the way they fly.

On one occasion I was down in the Florida Everglades with a group which included Robert P. Allen, an ornithologist from Pennsylvania. We spotted a dovelike bird that none of us recognized. Obliging, the bird sat quietly on a limb not more than 15 feet away while we inspected it carefully. After a few minutes, Allen said, "It's a zenaida dove."

One member of the party had gone back to the car for a bird book and when we checked there was no mistake. It was the first recognized sighting of a zenaida dove in Florida since Audubon's time but Allen had identified it. When we asked him how he could

identify a bird he had never seen before, he said, "Well, I knew it wasn't any of our native doves and I remembered having once studied a description of it."

But such men belong to the hierarchy of bird-watchers. Their eyes and ears have undergone years of training. The people we are concerned with are the thousands of average folks who tramp the woods and fields of their region to build up their local lists and get the outdoor enjoyment that comes with the pastime.

These people become familiar with varying numbers of birds, depending on their locality. Birders who live along the eastern sea coast may see as many as 200 or 250 species in a year. Ludlow Griscom saw more than 300 species in one year in Massachusetts. Along with the game of checking species there are many other incidents that stir the amateur ornithologist.

A prime example of cooperation between industry and ornithology took place in 1948 when the prairie horned lark nested for the first time in Rockland County, N. Y. For their nesting site the birds selected the vast lawn of the Lederle Laboratories of the American Cyanamid Company. A company employee discovered the nest and spread the word among other bird-watchers.

They feared that something would happen to the unusual family for the nest was only 20 feet from the main driveway and each day 2,000 workers drove their cars by it. Company officials, chemists, gardeners and members of the Rockland County Audubon Society guarded the nest through a series of dangers and crises affecting birds that nest on factory lawns. There was considerable talk about the mysterious goings-on out on the 20-acre lawn but at last the three fledglings left the nest to take up life on their own and it was announced that the first recorded nesting of the prairie horned lark in Rockland County had been successful.

Another question sometimes asked is, "Don't these people ever get tired of watching the same kinds of birds over and over?"

The answer is, "No." It seems that once a person is bitten by the bug he never loses interest entirely. After he has seen almost all the birds that his region affords he usually turns to one of the many other aspects of bird study. Some pick out a single species and try to learn as much about it as they can. Mrs. Margaret Morse Nice, a housewife raising four children in Ohio, found time to study the song spar-

row for ten years and write a book which contains just about everything there is to be known about this species.

Members of the Urner Ornithological Club, an active group of watchers in New Jersey, long had been thwarted in their efforts to trace the migration route of broad-winged hawks across their state. Undaunted, they literally invaded the hawks' element. Through business connections they acquired the use of a 250-foot blimp and launched the first lighter-than-air bird study project. They would hover over the migration lane in the blimp and when a flock of 100 or 150 hawks came along they would join the migration.

Take the case of Charles L. Broley. A banker, Broley retired at 60 and went to Florida to take it easy. He became interested in bald eagles and launched on an eagle-banding project to trace the wanderings of the great birds. Soon he found himself climbing towering pine trees and dodging the talons of the old birds while he put the bands around the legs of their young. In ten years he banded more than 1,000 eagles and became far more famous as "the eagle man" than he ever had been as a member of the banking profession.

Broley is an extreme case. He became one of the most ardent defenders of the eagle. Not many men are likely to be climbing 100-foot trees when they are 70. Most persons who take up the pastime are content to keep watch over the birds in the meadows, woods and swamps of their own neighborhood.

No matter where you live there always will be birds to study. Peterson has estimated that there are between 5,000,000,000 and 6,000,000,000 breeding land birds in the United States and untold numbers of colonial water birds so there is no lack of birds for watching purposes.

If you feel the urge, get yourself a pair of binoculars and a bird guide and set out. It costs nothing to look at birds and you may find that you will get as much kick out of it as the most enthusiastic expert. Thousands are finding that the returns are many.

And don't worry about the cops. The bird-watching boom has spread so far and wide that even the police are getting in on it. Instead of suspecting the worst when he apprehends a suspicious character sneaking along like Woodward, a policeman now is likely to show a friendly grin and say, "Seen any unusual species today?"

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NOTEBOOK



Business

BUSINESS and industry are looking to the new crop of coeds from colleges. Industry's plight is not acute; much depends on the demands of the armed forces over the next few months and international events.

Yet, the fact remains that more college women will be going into business this year after they get degrees than at any other time in history. Job placements of women by federal and state employment agencies have been on a sharp ascendancy.

Prof. Frank S. Endicott of Northwestern University has just made a spot check. Studying both male and female through college placement offices in 150 representative industries, he finds that salaries for men employed are higher than in previous years. On the average they will receive \$251 a month against \$245 last year.

Women graduates will probably command about the same salary.

The study of various industries reveals some interesting facts: Among them that the beginning engineer seems to be in greatest demand and represents about one third of the 9,000 inexperienced college men to be employed this year.

Sirloin steaks

DO YOU believe in the future of sirloin steaks? The flight from inflation and high taxes has been rapidly converting business men into ranch experts. J. K. Lasser (he's the man who writes that yellow-covered booklet each year on your tax problems) passes on a prospectus he's just received which shows how a small investor from the city can get into the cattle business. Here's how it works:

The operator picks and buys cattle for you. He provides the ranch for grazing and maintains the cattle from the time of purchase until sale. All you do is put up the cash and even then the opera-

tor will arrange for a 5½ per cent loan up to 60 per cent of the purchase price. You also pay expenses of maintaining the herd, but this can be made in cash or a percentage of the calves.

The prospectus stresses several economic advantages, especially the tax angle and observes that "A cow-calf herd is a good inflation hedge. Beef cattle reflect closely the purchasing power of the dollar."

Waste

RECLAIMED waste materials supply about half the equipment U. S. soldiers need in Korea, says the president of the National Association of Waste Material Dealers, Inc.

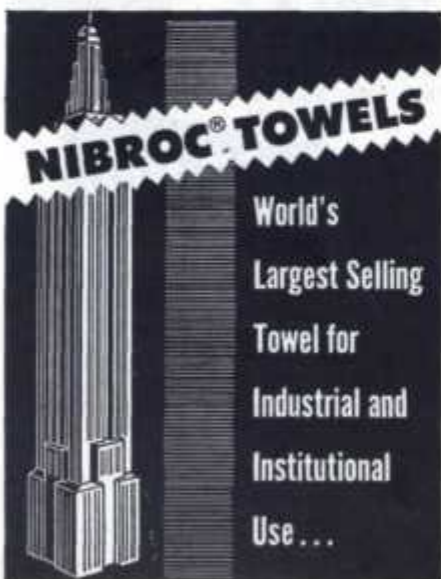
James T. Flannery of Jersey City, told the Association's annual convention that a soldier needs 12½ pounds of wood; 10½ pounds of wool; 2½ pounds of aluminum; 183 pounds of lead; 62 pounds of copper; 156 pounds of brass; 270 pounds of food, and 8 pounds of rubber.

"Based on the relationship between waste materials generated in this country and the available natural supply in the United States," Flannery said, "the waste materials industry supplies about 50 per cent of the soldiers' needs."

"Specifically, one half of the steel equipment is produced from scrap; the wool clips and rags gathered are greater than the nation's natural wool supply; more than half of the needed brass and copper comes from scrap; almost a third of the aluminum comes from the same source, and sizable contributions are made by scrap rubber, cotton rags and waste paper."

Degree of degrees

TO WHAT degree of honorable vocation a student will yield to earn a degree is told by John F. X. Ryan, director of undergraduate placement at City College of New



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York. One talented junior is a carver for a large meat-packing house.

A couple of attractive coeds with narrow feet are helping to foot their education bill as shoe models. At times as many as 300 sport test patches for a large concern, earning \$5 per patch test and helping in the advancement of research for adverse skin reactions by wearing bits of soap, dye or metallic cloth close to the skin. Of course, there are many who work as baby-sitters or dog-watchers.

Ryan declares that 50 per cent of the students earn their education by holding jobs. The most popular are clerical and typing. Waiting on tables, of course, is an ancient and honorable vocation of undergraduates.

In the absence of suitable employment offers, students show a remarkable creative aptitude. At the school of business and civic administration, for example, six undergraduates formed a partnership to market jewelry, sporting goods and club supplies. When the partners were graduated in the midyear class they had a mushrooming business employing 14 salesmen on other campuses. So, they decided to continue the firm—on a permanent basis.

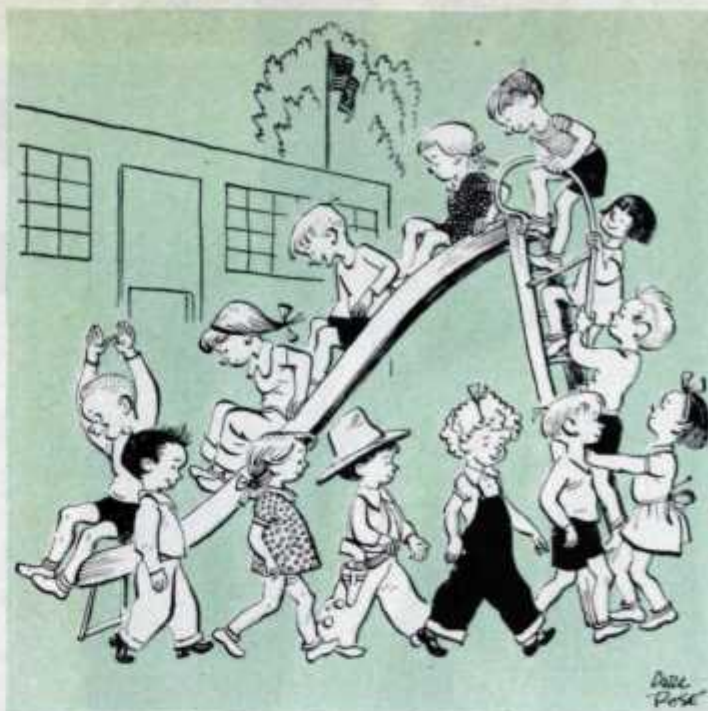
Right and wrong

FIRMS with identical names usually have their problems. But here's one for the book. It seems that Lehman Bros., the New York investment bankers, Western Union (which needs no identification) and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the New York stock exchange brokerage house, got all tangled up in each other's hair for the better part of a day.

It all started when Lehman Bros. received a wire reading: "Bust our order 1,000 code 830—address 302 S. Salisbury St. make 324."

Any order for a stock in the amount of 1,000 shares would make even the biggest house get on the ball. The boys did just that. But they couldn't find out what stock or bond the code order referred to.

Hours passed and many long distance calls went through. Then it all came out. The Raleigh, N. C., office of Merrill Lynch had 1,000 letterheads on order at a New York printing establishment by the name of Lehman Bros. The office wanted to change the address on the stationery. Western Union thought it was for Lehman Bros., the bankers. What was one Lehman's profit was another's false hope.



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PHOTO COURTESY "FRIENDS"

HISTORY might have been different if Stevens and his repeating crossbow had come along 1,000 years ago

HAD THE shades of King Richard, William Tell or other legendary crack shots of antiquity been peering over a wooded Arkansas hill not long ago, their ghostly eyes would have popped. They'd have witnessed a scene right out of the twelfth century—with a Hollywood touch. George Stevens, a tall man with the "outdoor" look, was calmly peppering a bull's-eye from an incredible distance, before a group of wide-eyed archers.

The thing that would have brought whistles from the ancient visitors—and actually caused gasps of amazement among the longbowmen—was *not* that Stevens was using a crossbow. It was because he was firing a new sort of crossbow, a repeating weapon that hurled five missiles in that many seconds—as fast as he could work the pump gun-like mechanism.

Authorities on medieval warfare believe that if Stevens had lived 1,000 years ago and had come up with his multishot crossbow, the course of history would have been different. At that time the crossbow, the deadliest weapon ever invented until the discovery of gunpowder, was often an unwieldy arm to handle; experts could shoot only about eight bolts a minute, while a good longbowman might launch 20 arrows in that time.

When Stevens invented his repeating crossbow some ten years ago, he had no idea of creating a

Robin Hood of the Ozarks

military weapon. What he did was revive a long-dead antique, give it twentieth century speed, and announce to sportsmen a practical, rapid-firing weapon for target and hunting purposes. Since then he has custom built scores of crossbows for persons all over the world. His regulation models have an accurate killing range for small game up to 50 yards, but he can build them to kill deer at 200 yards.

Stevens, an artist and former advertising agency head of Chicago, settled in Marcella, Ark., 20 years ago, after selling out his business because of the depression. He became a student of medieval history, and now lays modest claim to being an authority on the arbalest.

Although comparatively little has been written on the crossbow, Stevens and a few other researchers have dug up many surprising facts about the weapon. Ancient arbalests, for instance, were equipped with peep sights, windage and elevation adjustments, and even range finders.

American history is replete with crossbows. De Soto and Columbus carried them, so did Cortez at one time when his powder blew up.

Natives in some isolated fjords of Norway still use the arbalest for shooting fish and small whales. There is indication that a few crossbows were used in the War of 1812.

The most recent authenticated military use of the arbalest is found in the annals of World War II. Australian scouts in the New Guinea jungles used them against Jap sentries and for potting small game in places where the discharge of firearms would have revealed their positions to the enemy. They also used the crossbow for lobbing incendiaries onto native huts occupied by Japs, and for hurling grenades long distances into enemy concentrations.

While staunch longbowmen scoff at the crossbow's chances for popularity, Stevens and other supporters believe its future is assured. Two factors point to this: The crossbow is aimed like a gun, which makes it simple for the amateur to acquire fine accuracy with a tenth of the practice required with the longbow. More important, women can shoot on a par with men. Few women are strong enough to "draw" a heavy longbow, but by using the "goat's foot," an automatic cocking device, the gals have no trouble drawing the string on even the heavier hunting crossbows.

Quietly, arbalesting has caught on, and several target and hunting clubs are in operation. Although the game commissions of most states have no special ruling on the use of the crossbow as a hunting weapon, both Michigan and Wisconsin bar it.

But nothing daunts the growing crop of crossbowmen. They're certain that given half the break that longbow archery has had, more and more Robin Hoods will be going afield to knock over a bunny—or even a moose.—M. PEREZ



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It is only natural that the people of Union Carbide pioneered in the production of allethrin on a commercial scale. For they were already making most of the needed chemical ingredients.

As a result, the people of Union Carbide are already providing allethrin in ever-increasing quantities to manufacturers of household and dairy sprays. And researchers all over the country are now engaged in testing its value for the control of agricultural pests and for other purposes. Other Union Carbide chemicals are important ingredients in many other insecticides and fungicides. One or more of them may have a place in your future plans.

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